

The Reader

VOL. I

NOVEMBER, 1902

No. 1

Writers and Readers

Illustrated Notes of Authors Books and the Drama

THE READER has been in the making three years. The first number is not exactly as it was originally planned, for it has grown in the making. After reading through its pages for the last time before sending it to press, we can only express the hope that its merits will be as obvious to others as its faults are to ourselves. THE READER owes thanks to the publishers for their invariable courtesy (with two exceptions we must, in honesty, add); and to the contributors for the sincerity, patience, and personality they have put into their work.

WE are glad to be able to present to our readers the accompanying rare portrait of Henry James. Mr. James sat for this sketch some two years ago to Mr. Will Rothenstein, the London artist, who has been so successful during the last half-dozen years in making lithographs of celebrated Englishmen. Those who know Mr. James intimately claim for this picture an extraordinary likeness, and one can well believe them, for you seem to see in it quite the qualities expected

in Mr. James's face. It is perhaps something of a shock to one who has not seen recent pictures of Mr. James to find him so old; but a minute's thought tells one that it is a long cry from "Roderick Hudson" and "Daisy Miller" to "The Sacred Fount" and "The Wings of the Dove."

Speaking of "The Wings of the Dove," it is amusing to find in the various criticisms of it now appearing the different ideas of the critics in regard to its sanity and insanity. Only in one thing do they seem to agree—that the book is worth long and elaborate discussion.

We quote a few lines from the "London Times'" review of "The Wings of the Dove," which, by the way, is issued in one volume in England instead of in two, as here:

"Mr. Henry James is to be congratulated. It is a long time since modern English fiction has presented us with a book which is so essentially a book; a thing conceived and carried on and finished in one premeditated strain; with unbroken literary purpose and serious, unflagging literary skill."

THE portrait of Maeterlinck which we here reproduce is from a photograph taken at Paris in the summer of 1900. Among a certain class of readers—a small class necessarily—Maeterlinck's plays, even the most strange of them, have, for some years, been favorite reading. But his last play, "*Monna Vanna*," is of a different sort—more likely to appeal to a larger audience in that it is more human, more specific—in other words, less "queer."

An admirer of Maeterlinck, and a critic of the modern drama too, sends the following note about the "forbidden play," which seems to put the case fairly on both sides:

Hailed years since as the Belgian Shakespeare, he showed himself most un-Shakespearian in neglecting life for morbid dreams, and stage-craft for mannerisms. But gradually he changed. Without losing his individuality, he left the horrors of "*L'Intruse*" for the pathos of "*Pelléas et Mélisande*"; the jerks and repetitions of "*La Princesse Maleine*" for the sustained poetry of that web of light and flowers, his miracle play, "*Sœur Beatrice*." Finally, he has set before us in almost traditional dramatic form a story in its essence tragically real.

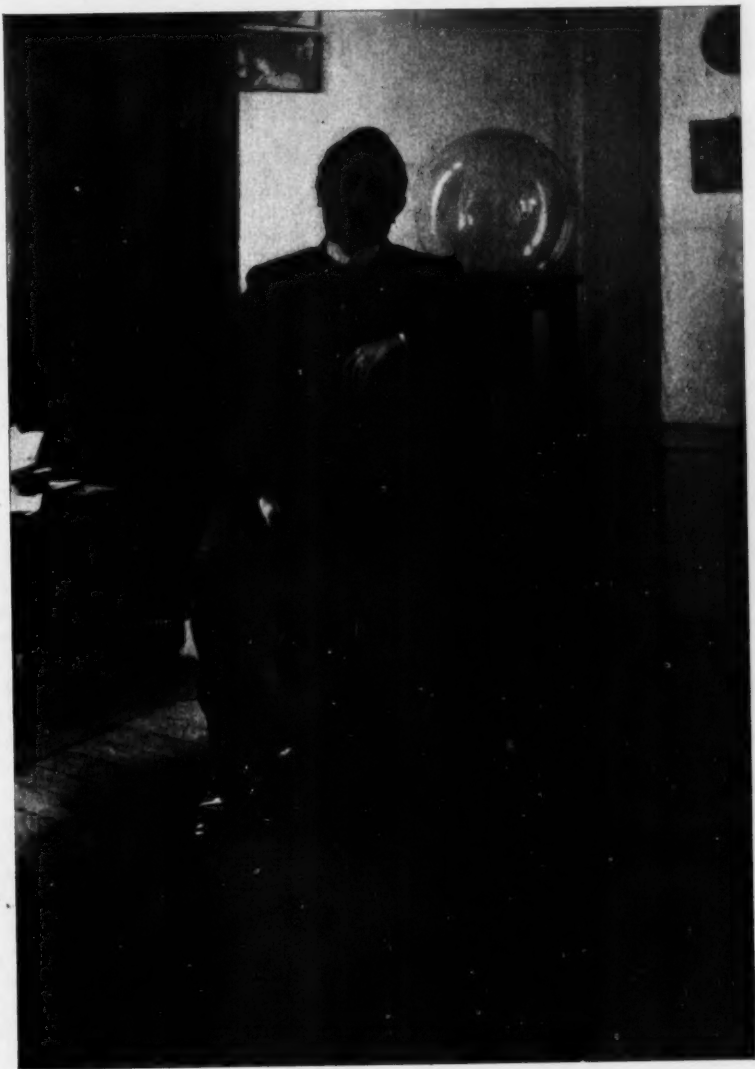
Not that "*Monna Vanna*" is conventional or deals with everyday life. On the contrary, it abounds in sentences possible only from its untrammelled author, and in action and surroundings it is exceptional and remote. With all its mystic phrasing, with all its atmosphere of Italy and of the Renaissance, "*Monna Vanna*" nevertheless belongs to a well-known type—the problem play. And the problem of it is: shall a wife, for no fault save his absolute and ignominious failure to comprehend her, desert her husband and join a man who is her equal?

To the problem thus aridly stated, Maeterlinck's affirmative answer may easily shock us—shock us even into jus-

tifying the censor who in England has comically forbidden the play's performance. But implied in a plot of absorbing interest, bound up in the deed of a living woman, both problem and answer move us to justify perhaps the woman, and certainly the author who with his unpromising material has created a work of imagination so individual and so true.

For "*Monna Vanna*" is indeed both true and individual. Maeterlinck, and only Maeterlinck, could have first seen that vision of Pisa, in Act I., her people starving, her soldiers weaponless, waiting within walls long battered to the ground, while her besiegers day by day mysteriously postpone the onslaught. Maeterlinck again, and only Maeterlinck, could have conceived that main figure in the play—that heroine "more beautiful than Judith and purer than Lucrece," that *Monna Vanna* who almost incredibly saves Pisa, not by the loss of her honor, but by the giving of a kiss. Moreover, Pisa,—its people, the enemy, all are real,—and above all, *Monna Vanna*. Unlike Maeterlinck's earlier heroines, she not only lives but grows—grows out of wifely submission into a love-awakened womanhood which, after appealing again and again for trust, rebels at last against the incredulity of an uncomprehending husband; with dramatic lie after lie saves her innocent lover from his revenge, and finally in secret gives him her whole life.

As Marco, the Maeterlinckian sage of the play, says to her: "This is right and very wrong—like all that we do." But to her in her passion it is wholly right. Her life with her husband is dead. "That was a bad dream," she says, "but Beauty is at hand . . . Beauty is at hand. . . ." A strange ending, and one that very naturally roused the English censor. But here where official censoriousness is spared us, may we not hope to hear *Monna*



M. MAURICE MAETERLINCK

Vanna uttering these final words? As one asks the question, Mrs. Patrick Campbell's voice and face recur hauntingly to the imagination. Will not she who has the courage to act "Mélisande" put in flesh and blood before us the infinitely stronger and more living "Monna Vanna"?

MISS Helen M. Winslow has done her prettiest in "Literary Boston of To-day," just published by L. C. Page & Co., to revive Boston's prestige by giving a list of present Boston authors and telling what they have done. But it is a sad sight, that table of contents, when put forth as a refutation of the opening sentence of the book, that "The rest of the world will tell you there is no literary Boston of to-day."

In detail the book is not, however, at all sad. Rather is it humorous and an inciter of the inward chuckle, as witness the following quotations:

"It was on account of its proximity to the pond that Mr. Trowbridge chose his home. When he was a boy, he lived on the banks of the Erie Canal, and he is never content to be out of sight of the water."

"Mr. Harbour has certainly justified all expectations, for, in addition to a juvenile book, he has written over six hundred short stories, the majority of them for the 'Youth's Companion.'"

Of Mr. Willis Boyd Allen it is said:

"When a man, still young, has to his credit a list of thirty-five books written by himself, it is convincing proof of great industry and singleness of purpose."

"Late in 1888 the idea seized Miss Clarke and Miss Porter of starting a magazine which should be devoted broadly yet purely to exalted world literature — to culture — or 'Poet-Lore.'"

Of Miss Porter it is likewise said:

"She read Shakespeare at ten, and

especially remembers a series of books of her father's, called 'The English Stage.' The only book he ever took away from her was a translation he had of Aristophanes' 'Sysistrate,' which he found the child reading at a tender age."

Of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney it is said:

"There are tables holding the books which are the most dearly loved and the most read by the owners; where 'Patience Strong' holds a permanent place, along with the Bible and prayer-book, Marcus Aurelius, Emerson, and Whittier."

Mr. F. P. Stearns "was prepared for college in 1862, but under conditions, and, as he was ambitious to enter without, he waited another year for the purpose of reviewing his studies and strengthening the weak points."

Let us make one final quotation:

"There was born in Chelsea, a suburb of Boston, on the fifteenth of August, in the year 1852, a boy who was destined to fill no unimportant place in the world of American literature. That boy was Nathan Haskell Dole, and by birth and achievement he has the right to be classed with the writers who make up the literary Boston of the present day."

There are other interesting and amusing paragraphs, equal to these as samples of literary work in Boston to-day. We wonder what some of those included in Miss Winslow's book will think of their companions?

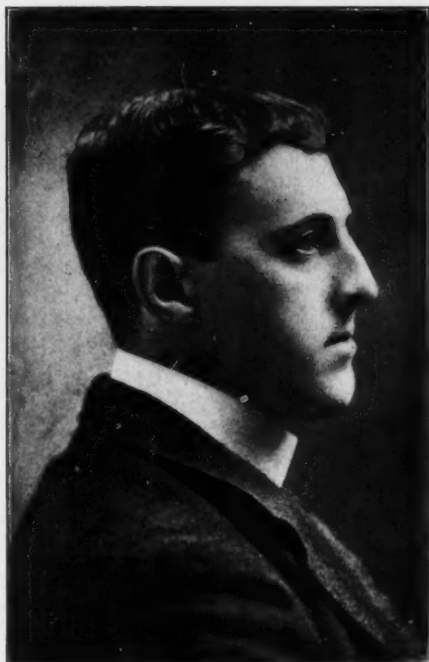
THE friends of John H. Twachtman the landscape painter, who died at Gloucester, Mass., last August, have sent out a memorial circular in his honor. There is a desire to establish some sort of public memorial to his memory, and those wishing to contribute to the fund are invited to communicate with Robert Reid at 142 East 33d Street, New York.



BARONESS VON HUTTEN

THE Baroness von Hutten, whose portrait is here given, is the author of the serial "Our Lady of the Beeches," which was concluded in the October number of "The Atlantic Monthly." The book will be brought out immediately. Judging by the popularity of the story as a serial, it should have an excellent sale. The book will be reviewed in our December issue.

GUY Wetmore Carryl has finished building his little home at Swampscott, which he happily designates "Shingle Blessedness." His new book of fanciful verses, "Grimm Tales Made Gay" (one can seldom approve punning titles, but this is good), a merry setting of the old stories, is to be issued this month by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., with grotesque marginals and a number of full-page illustrations by Albert Levering.



STEPHEN PHILLIPS

THE interesting face of Stephen Phillips has, during the last few years, been made familiar to the public through the many portraits of him in various magazines and in the announcements of his plays. Most of these pictures seemed to us hard and unattractive, notably the wood-cut in "The Poets of the Younger Generation." The portrait of him which we reproduce above is the most attractive we have seen, and is said by those who know Mr. Phillips to be by far the best photograph of him yet taken.

HENRY Irving would seem to have found a play in which the character suited his strange personality absolutely. He opens his season at the Drury Lane with Sardou's "Dante," the translation of which his son Laurence Irving has just completed during his stay in America.

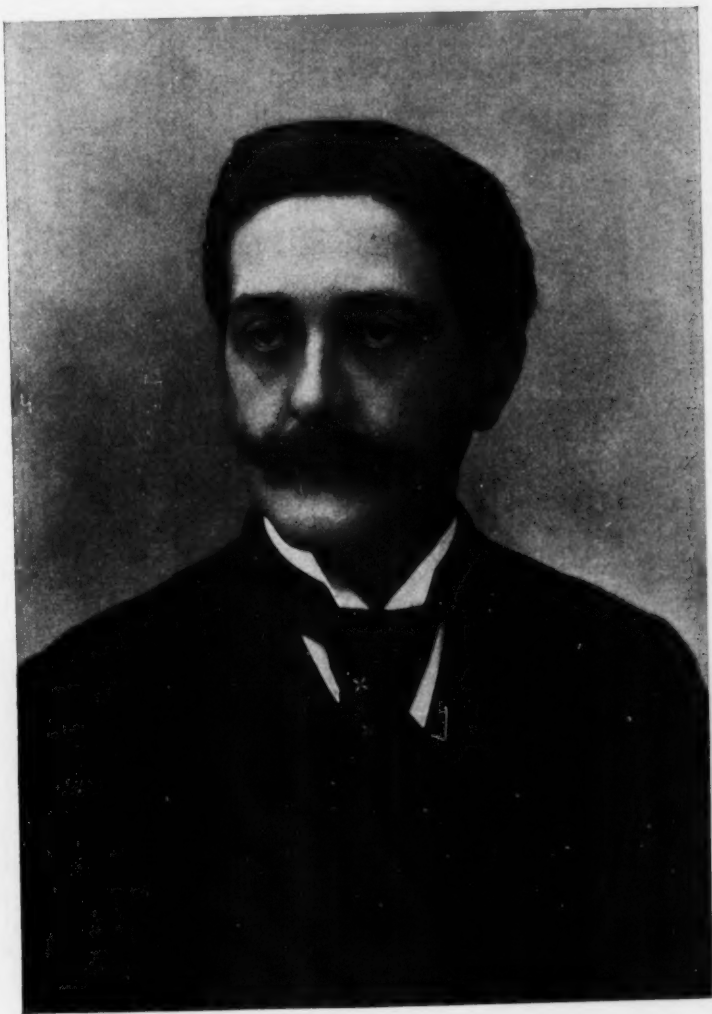
THE portrait on the opposite page is from a recent photograph of Paul Hervieu, the French dramatist and novelist spoken of in our Paris letter. M. Hervieu's work is not well known in this country, though one of his plays ("Les Tenaïles"), translated as "Ties," was given here three winters ago by Mr. John Blair and his company in that admirable series of performances which included Ibsen's "The Master Builders" and Echegaray's "The Great Galcoto."

THE retirement of Mr. Norman Hapgood from his position as dramatic critic, both on the "Commercial Advertiser" and the "Bookman" will remove from journalistic criticism a man whom it can ill-afford to spare. During the several years in which he has been criticising the drama, his work has been marked by honesty, independence, decisiveness, and, on the whole, good judgment. He has had his crotchets, and at times even his aberrations; but these crotchets and aberrations have been the result either of the over-rigorous application of sound principles or the somewhat blind submission to creditable sympathies. It may seem paradoxical to assert in the same breath that Mr. Hapgood's criticism was at its very best when his sympathies were most fully aroused, but the same enthusiasm may bestow insight in one direction and paralyze it in another. Taking all in all, his criticism was probably the most vigorous and most wholesome, if not the most pervasive, influence which has been brought to bear upon the contemporary drama, and in a country like ours, in which disinterested and well-informed criticism usually has academic tendencies, it is much to be regretted that so useful a man should withdraw from newspaper work. Mr. Hapgood, however, has made his mark, not only as a dramatic critic, but as a writer of

essays and as the biographer of Webster, Lincoln, and Washington, and he is abandoning journalism only that he may have more time to give to critical studies of American history, literature, and life.

IT is not generally known that Mr. E. F. Benson, the English novelist, who recently came to this country for the purpose of seeing his first play produced, owes his start to the daughter of Charles Kingsley, who, over the pen-name of Lucas Malet, has written "Sir Richard Calmady" and other successful novels. While Mr. Benson was still studying at Cambridge University, specializing, as we should say, in archæology, he wrote the first half of "Dodo." He showed it to the author, who for many years had been a close friend of his mother, and asked her if she thought it was worth finishing. Her decision inspired him to go on with the story with renewed energy. After making his success, Mr. Benson, instead of plunging at once into literature, kept his head and continued his archæological investigations, passing many months in Greece and indirectly gathering material for future stories. He has never thought of devoting himself wholly to writing.

MR. E. A. Dithmar, who is well known for his dramatic criticism in "The New York Times," and who has for the past year and a half occupied the post of London correspondent to that paper, has recently accepted the editorship of the "New York Times Saturday Review." As a dramatic critic, Mr. Dithmar earned for himself an enviable reputation for sobriety of judgment and scholarly attainment. To his new undertaking he is sure to bring an amount of accuracy and just appreciation which ought to give the "Review" an even greater vogue than it enjoys at present.



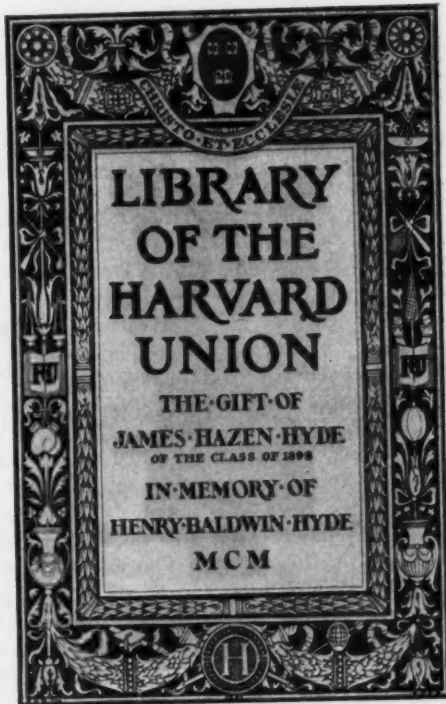
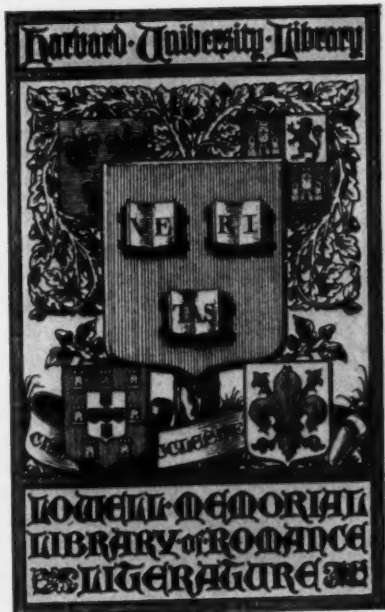
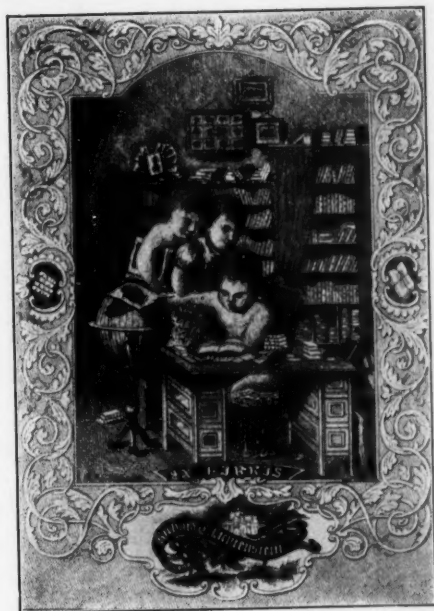
M. PAUL HERVIEU



OF the six book-plates on this and the page opposite, only one, we believe, has been reproduced before, but we reproduce it again, as it is an excellent example of the work being done by one of the band of designers who call themselves "The Triptych." The moving spirit of "The Triptych" is Mr. Wilbur Macey Stone, who for many years has identified himself with the growing interest taken by the larger number of book collectors in book-plates. A little volume—"Women Designers of Book-Plates," by Mr. Stone—has just been issued, and contains a number of interesting reproductions of modern designs.

The use of color prints in book-plates is a recent innovation, and affords the designer a wider field than when limited to black and white. A new book-plate book—"Book-Plates of To-day"—just announced by Tonnele & Co., will contain several examples of this color work, which will have a special interest for the collector of Ex Libris.

ARTHUR Morrison, whose latest book, "The Hole in the Wall," has just been issued by McClure, Phillips & Co., comes by his knowledge of the London slums in absolutely the right way. He was, for some years, secretary of a charity fund and met the people about whom he writes in that capacity. But he soon discovered that the money thus spent was often worse than wasted. So he decided to learn about these people from the inside. He got employment in a match factory and joined various workmen's clubs, and was soon adopted into the regular life of the East End. In these clubs Mr. Morrison's excellent knowledge of athletics and boxing stood him in good stead, and he soon became popular as "the gentleman boxer" of the neighborhood. Mr. W. E. Henley first suggested to Mr. Morrison the writing out his experiences, and the result was the "Tales of Mean Streets," which proved so popular that sixteen American publishers made pirated editions of it.



MR. W. E. Henley, the London editor, poet, and essay writer, whose new volume of "Views and Reviews" is reviewed elsewhere, has long been known as a somewhat violent protester, and antagonist of all sorts of shams. At the time when Mr. Balfour's life of Stevenson appeared, it will be remembered that he accused Mr. Balfour of whitewashing Stevenson's character to an unwarranted extent. This arose from the fact that Mr. Henley had known Stevenson in his early years before he had sobered down into the character which Mr. Balfour gives him.

Mr. Rothenstein in this sketch of Mr. Henley has caught remarkably well his aggressive and persistent personality. One sees in both face and attitude the author of the "London Voluntaries" and the hospital verses, the controversial essayist, as well as the student and man of affairs.

IT is pleasant to know that when "good fellows get together" with a definite object in view they can carry it out definitely, and not waste all their energies in just being good fellows. This is proved in the organization of the Banderlog Press. A number of the friends of Frank Holme, the artist, including Augustus Thomas, Peter Dunne, George Ade, Frank H. Vanderlip, Kirke La Shelle, and others who were all members of the Whitechapel Club, of Chicago, got together some months ago and decided to start a press for the production of artistic books with Mr. Holme at its head. Mr. Holme was in bad health, and the climate of Arizona was recommended for him, so the town of Prescott in that State has finally been selected as the home of this new press. The stock of the Banderlog Press consists of three hundred shares, of which Mr. Holme owns 151. Fifty shares were sold to the public at \$25 each—the originators retaining the rest. The first book from

the Banderlog Press is to be "The Poker Rubaiyat," by Kirke La Shelle, with illustrations and decorations by Frank Holme. All the editions issued from this press will consist of 274 copies. Each stockholder is to receive a copy, and the balance of the edition is for sale at five dollars a volume. Only four books will be produced each year, and for these books the best possible manufacture in every way is promised. A more interesting little publishing venture it would be hard to imagine.

IT is a pleasant little trick that Messrs. Harper & Brothers have introduced on the slip covers of some of their books. Instead of advertising the book which you are reading, they have printed the following directions on "How to Open a Book":

 Lay the book, back downward, on a table or smooth surface. Press the front cover down until it touches the table, then the back cover, holding the leaves in one hand while you open a few of the leaves at the back, then at the front, alternately pressing them down gently until you reach the centre of the volume. This should be done two or three times. Never open a book violently nor bend back the covers. It is liable not only to break the back but to loosen the leaves.

MR. Gelett Burgess is to issue through Elder & Shepard a volume of essays entitled "The Romance of the Commonplace." They are "light essays" of a more serious tone than one has been in the habit of laying to Mr. Burgess of late. Funny as much of Mr. Burgess's joking is, it has always seemed to us a pity that he has not done more of the lighter and exquisitely delicate work so charmingly exemplified in his "Vivette." These essays, we are told, are more on that order of humor, and show Mr. Burgess at his best.



MR. WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

WE can venture that most readers of the younger generation, and even of the older, for that matter, will have some difficulty in separating in their minds, without recourse to reference books, the personalities of Samuel Lover and Charles Lever, new editions of whose complete works are announced by Little, Brown & Co. It is bad enough to keep distinct two names so similar, but when both men were Irish, both wrote Irish novels with Irish names for titles, and both flourished during the same period, the disconnection, so to speak, became more difficult. For the benefit of the younger generation, we will say that Lover's dates are 1797-1868, and that he wrote "Handy Andy" and "Rory O'Moore"; that Lever's dates are 1806-1872, and that he wrote "Harry Lorrequer" and "Charles O'Malley."

The Little Brown & Co. new edition—the first complete one—of Samuel Lover has a thoroughly sympathetic editor in James Jeffrey Roche, of the "Boston Pilot." The Lever is edited by Andrew Lang, who will, of course, do it well; but he has been sympathetic in so many prefaces and editions that we rather look to Mr. Roche for the more vital appreciation.

Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. also announce the completion of the first collected edition of the works of Daniel Webster. The three new volumes consist of the "Speeches and Other Writings, Hitherto Uncollected." It is an encouraging sign when one firm in one season is justified in issuing three such elaborate editions as the above.

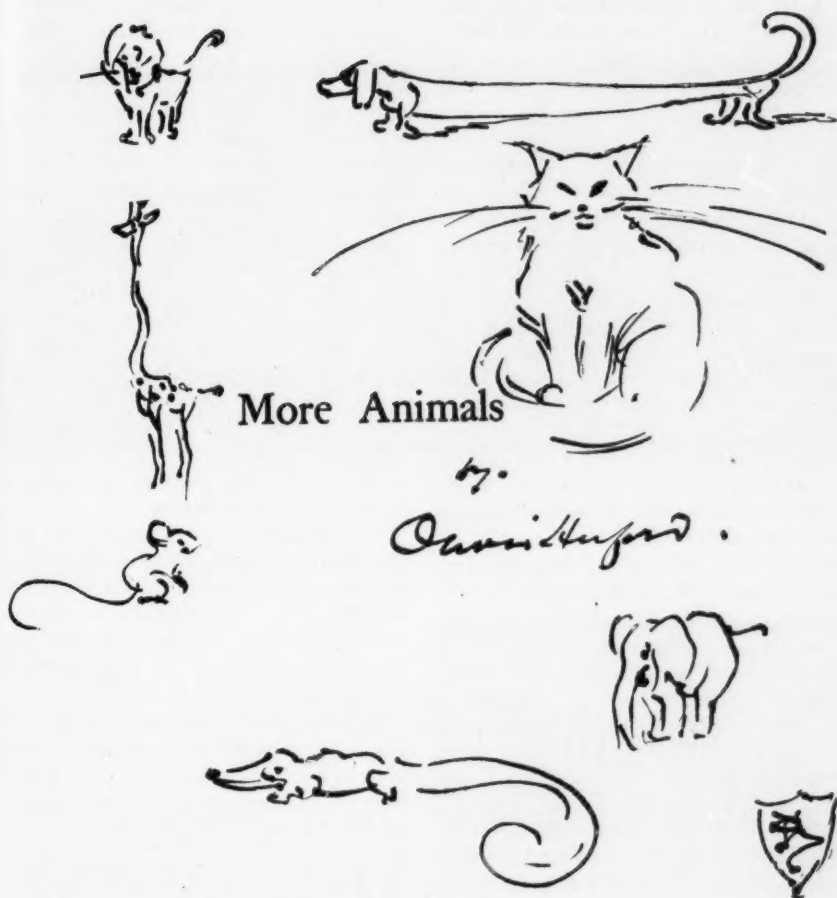
ORDINARILY speaking a book of dates is uninteresting; ordinarily speaking a heterogeneous anthology is poor reading—the combination of the two does not at the first thought appear attractive. But in looking over the proofs of James L. and Mary K. Ford's book, to be issued

under the title of "Every Day of the Year," one has to acknowledge that such a book may be good—that this book is good. For every day in the year a historical event of some sort of importance has been found, and one or two or three poems bearing more or less directly on the subject have been added. The book is admirably indexed, and one can find everything easily under events, titles, or first lines. Naturally the poems are not all of the first order of poetry, but the book as a whole is distinctly good reading—a really worthy anthology and an admirable reference book. We can hardly imagine a more useful book for schools or one more valuable for the general all-round after-dinner speaker who talks at political or patriotic banquets, and is often pushed for an appropriate reference as he arises to say, "On this day fourscore years ago," etc., etc.

THE "More Animals," of Mr. Oliver Herford, which we reproduce, is one of the hundreds of "lightning" drawings which Mr. Herford is constantly doing for the delight of his many friends. Recently Miss Carolyn Wells published in the "Boston Evening Transcript" a charming article, "Oliver Herford as a Fine Art," in which she gave some new stories of Mr. Herford and very happily characterized his peculiar genius for whimsicality and fooling. We copy one of Miss Wells's stories:

"At a house party recently, when several ringings of the breakfast bell had failed to secure his attendance and the servants' repeated rappings had been of no avail, the hostess herself tapped at his door, imploring him to rise. But the response, uttered in a sleepy tone, was, 'Many are called, but few get up.'"

A charming little booklet called "The Bumper Book," issued in 1899 by the Gorham Company, contains a



More Animals

by.

Quinn-Hagerd.

number of original toasts by Mr. Herford, a few of which we quote:

"If all your beauties, one by one,
I pledge, dear, I am thinking
Before the tale were well begun
I had been dead of drinking."

"Here's to old Adam's crystal ale,
Clear, sparkling, and divine,
Fair H₂O, long may you flow!
We drink your health (in wine)."

"Enjoy the Little Play, my friend,
until
The curtain fall and you have had
your fill;
You never can come back if once you
go,
For there are no return checks to this
show."

"The Bubble winked at me and said,
You'll miss me, brother, when you're
dead."

AMONG the publications of the year in London there is one that is deserving of a certain consideration, though the precise ground for its claim is a little difficult to determine. It is unique; it is startling; it is to a certain extent good, and may be better; above all, it excites interest. In so far as these qualities justify a hold on public attention we can understand its success.

This publication is called "A Broad Sheet," and is well named, being but one large page of water-color paper, on which there are several remarkable drawings colored by the hand of Miss Pamela Colman Smith, and accompanied by explanatory verses that do not always explain, even to the very much initiated. But even when the relation between picture and verse is a little forced, each affords its own peculiar enjoyment. W. B. Yeats has contributed, and such choice things see the light on the "Broad Sheet" as his little spinning song, which we quote on the opposite page.

Another delectable production by A. E. (George W. Russell) was issued in the June number, and is called "The Gate of Dreamland."

No illustration can enhance such verse; yet, rather curiously, that which accompanies it detracts in no way from its charm. The youth lies a-dreaming "where the waters lap the shore"; the "moth wings of the twilight" in floating feminine shapes are above him; and there is in the almost barbaric coloring a something of that "old enchantment" which "lingers in the honey heart of earth."

Miss Smith undoubtedly has a great eye for color and a most curious conception of its application; indeed, the coloring of "A Broad Sheet" is its most striking feature, but her drawing is faulty, with the faultiness of one who knows not. In the mere matter of outline J. B. Yeats's sketches excel.

"The Gypsy," for example, is truer in drawing but weaker in coloring. There is in the broad lights and shadows of the central figure a suggestion of Nicholson, while in Miss Smith's lines there is sometimes a haunting reminiscence of Beardsley—though not Beardsley at his best. Pamela Smith is a young woman of much, but erratic and immature, talent, a protégée of Miss Ellen Terry, and is working out her problems of art and life in a London studio. The idea of "A Broad Sheet" originated with her; and "to one who knows" there is always the possibility of an additional interest of portraiture such as the tall man on the right in the "Gypsy" picture, which is an undoubted and only slightly caricatured likeness of George Moore.

"A Broad Sheet" is printed by Elkin Mathews, who insisted on a subscription list of seventy-five before undertaking it. One hundred copies are issued monthly, and since its first appearance in January, the demand for it has greatly increased.

The two illustrations here reproduced lose very much in not being in color, but even in black and white they have a certain charm and quaintness which give an idea of their attractiveness.

MR. F. B. Sanborn, the "Last of the Concord Philosophers," is editing a new and enlarged edition of W. E. Channing's "Thoreau the Poet Naturalist," to be brought out in November by Charles E. Goodspeed, of Boston. The book was originally published by Roberts Brothers in 1873. In that edition, which was the only one, the personalities of many of those whose conversations are given was concealed by the author out of consideration for those still living. In this forthcoming edition Mr. Sanborn gives the real names, and adds about thirty pages of new material left by Mr. Channing, whose literary executor he is.



Spinning Song

BY W. B. YEATS

“There are seven that pull the thread.
 One lives under the waves,
 And one where the winds are wove,
 And one in the old gray house
 Where the dew is made before dawn.
 One lives in the house of the sun,
 And one in the house of the moon,
 And one lives under the boughs
 Of the golden apple tree;
 And one spinner is lost.
 Holiest, holiest seven,
 Put all your power on the thread
 I have spun in the house this night!”



FROM THE FRENCH OF PAUL FORT
 Englished by F. YORK POWELL

The pretty maid she died, she died, in love-bed
 as she lay;
 They took her to the churchyard: all at the
 break of day;
 They laid her all alone there: all in her
 white array;
 They laid her all alone there: a coffin'd in
 the day;
 And they came back so merrily: all at the
 dawn of day;
 A-singing all so merrily: "The dog must have his
 day!"
 The pretty maid is dead, is dead: in love-bed
 as she lay;
 And they are off a-field to work: as they do
 every day.

IN talking with a Christian Scientist about Mrs. Burnham's "The Right Princess," reviewed in this number, we were a little surprised to find that the book is likely to have the thorough approval of the Scientists. Surprised, because our reviewer seems to think that the book will strike the lay reader as ridiculous and add to the already heavy load of ridicule which has been heaped upon Mrs. Eddy and her disciples. The claim of this man was that to many people the curing of the dog will not seem absurd, as it did to our reviewer, but will appeal as a simple and very definite exposition of what the power of Christian Science includes. He believes that the book, while not particularly good as a "proselytizer," will not make enemies among outsiders, and that to Scientists themselves it may be a help and comfort. That Mrs. Burnham is sincere and genuine in her attempt at popularizing the doctrines through the form of a novel he is convinced, and he especially likes the way in which the author has dealt with Mrs. Eddy and her position in the Church.

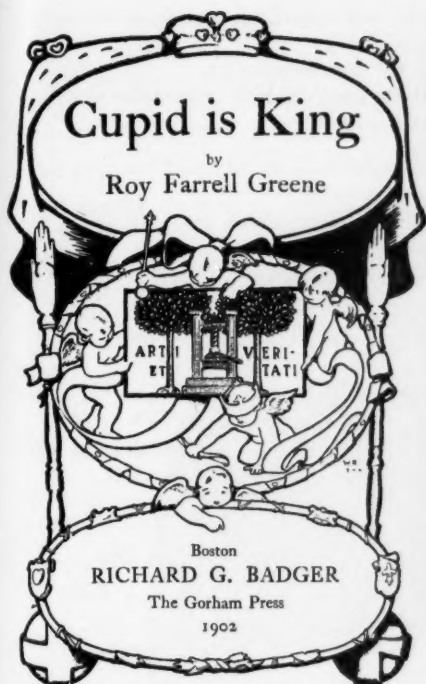
SOMETHING really new in the way of a publication for children is announced by Elder & Shepard, of San Francisco. It is the issuing of a monthly letter to children. The letters are to be facsimile reproductions of real letters written by one who knows what children like to read and look at—for quaint drawings and fanciful decorations of birds, animals, and flowers are interspersed with the text.

The letters are to be folded and enclosed in a regular envelope and sent out each month—but on no regular day. One can easily imagine the surprise of the child at receiving one of these letters addressed to him each month—or the anticipation with which he looks forward to it, if he has been told that he is to have one every month. Judging by the letters which we have

seen, the scheme is carried out in excellent fashion, and we can distinctly advise those who are looking for something to interest children to look into this matter and send for one of the sample letters.

IT is interesting to note that the publishers of "Ainslee's Magazine" have decided that "special articles" illustrated by photographs have ceased to be in the province of the monthly magazine. Their argument has much force—that, since the daily newspapers have gone into the printing of photographs, similar reproduction in a magazine sixty days afterwards is rather useless. As an example, they put forth the Martinique disaster—certainly an excellent example, for surely we all got enough of the pictures and detailed horrors long before the big monthly magazines appeared with their elaborate articles. The October issue of "Ainslee's" is the first of the new series, and we can quickly characterize the present policy of the magazine by saying that it appears to be an exact copy of "The Smart Set," while its list of contributors includes hardly a writer who has not written for that successful magazine. Why did not the publishers of "Ainslee's" imitate the cover of "The Smart Set," instead of using a design more appropriate for such a magazine as "Outing"?

IT is somewhat of a shock to take up one of the very pretty green, limp-leather Shakespeares just issued by The Baker & Taylor Co. in forty volumes, and find in it the same absurd old pictures that have been used in the Rolfe Shakespeare for so many years. This is a valuable edition of Shakespeare, and has always been the standard, but it does seem a little like putting old wine into new bottles to include many of these pictures.



DESIGNED BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY

THOUGH we do not approve elaborately drawn title-pages as a rule, the one here reproduced from Roy Farrell Greene's "Cupid is King," issued by The Gorham Press, Boston, is so successful that one has to put one's prejudice in one's pocket and frankly own that it is a distinct addition to the volume. Mr. Warren Rockwell, who designed it (the illustrations in the book are by Mr. Albert T. Reid), is a recent Yale graduate, and is dividing his time between illustrating and farming. Of the latter occupation he says, "it is delightful—if it is somebody else's farm." We wonder if his apples are as plump and enticing as his cupids? The name of Mr. Greene is familiar to all who read the light verse in the magazines to which most of the verses in "Cupid is King" have been contributed.

MR. A. E. Gallatin, for some years an interested student of Aubrey Beardsley's art, is preparing an elaborate volume to be issued during the winter. The volume will include an iconography and a complete bibliography of the Beardsley criticism which was so prolific some years ago. Mr. Gallatin will also include in his volume an elaborate critique of Beardsley's work in general.

The illustration reproduced on this page is from a poster which Beardsley made in 1894 for the Avenue Theatre, London. This was the only theatrical poster which Beardsley ever did, though many people fancied that "The Purple Lady" was used for that purpose. Beardsley designed several posters for his various publishers, all of which are reproduced in the volumes of his drawings published by John Lane.

AMONG the curiosities of literature—taking literature in its broadest sense—comes a small yellow pamphlet from the island of Martha's Vineyard. It is entitled:

A COMPLETE EDITION
OF THE WORKS OF

NANCY LUCE

OF WEST TISBURY, DUKES COUNTY,
MASS.

CONTAINING

God's Words—Sickness—Poor Little
Hearts—Milk—No Comfort—Prayers—
Our Saviour's Golden Rule
—Hen's Names, etc.

COTTAGE CITY.

JAMES A. SCOTT, PRINTER.
1888.

We reproduce a photograph of the author, not because she was a shining light in literature, but because the face is so much more interesting than most of the faces of the shining lights. We never remember to have seen a more pathetic face or a more remarkable one in contour. The book, too, though it contains the strangest medley of nonsense and sense, is, like the face, pathetic and extraordinary. Read as a whole, the book is far more extraordinary than in parts; but the following quotations give an idea of the strange variety:

*Lines Composed by Nancy Luce About
Poor Little Tweedle Tedel Bebee
Pinky, when She was a Little
Chicken. And You will Find More
Reading in the Book About Her.*

When poor little heart Pinky
Was about six weeks old,
She was taken with the chicken distemper,
Chickens died off all over the island.

She was catching grasshoppers and
crickets,
In the forenoon smart,
At twelve o'clock she was taken sick,
And grew worse.

At one o'clock she was past opening her
eyes,
And could not stand,
Her body felt cold,
And could not stand,

I gave her a portion of epsom salts,
With a little black pepper in it,
I wept over her that afternoon,
I prayed to the Lord to save me her life.

* * * * *

When I, raising poor little dear in my
lap,
And it rained in the window,
She would look at the rain,
And put her head under my cape.

And take it out every once in a while,
And look at the rain,
And put it under my cape again,
Up most to my shoulder.

Prayer.

O Lord, grant me, I beseech Thee,
I pray for Thy kingdom to come, to
destroy all sin.
For the poor, harmless, dumb creature,
And for sick human too,
And for all the troubled in the wide
world round,
Human and dumb creatures too,
For Thine is the kingdom and glory for
ever. Amen.

The manuscript from which the book was printed is even a greater curiosity than the stuff itself. It is laboriously printed with large floriated capital letters and scrolls and quaint devices of all sorts. What a strange personality this must have been—the face of a pre-Raphaelite, the decorative instinct of the mediæval work, the diction of Walt Whitman, the reality of an old woman who had never been off a tiny island!



NANCY LUCE

MR. Charles G. D. Roberts, who has just achieved his widest success with "The Kindred of the Wild," has for several years now been a resident of New York. Mr. Roberts's literary career began before he left college, at the age of twenty, when his "Orion and Other Poems" was issued by the J. B. Lippincott Company, several of the poems having been previously published in "The Century," then under the editorship of Dr. J. G. Holland. He has since been a diligent member of the author's profession, turning his hand with facility to many tasks, from history and fiction to guide-books and editorials. But his best work, perhaps, is his treatment of nature and animal life. In this work he inevitably receives comparison with Ernest Thompson Seton, who has made the animal story so popular in America. Mr. Roberts was the pioneer in that fascinating field, with his "Earth's Enigmas," published seven years ago.

FOR the early fall and winter, John Anderson, Jr., announces several interesting auction sales of books, manuscripts, etc. The list is headed with parts 7, 8, and 9 of the McKee collection, which includes the dramatic department, autographs, and manuscripts of that magnificent collection. Other sales are the sporting library of the late Colonel S. D. Bruce, of the "Turf, Field, and Farm"; the library of the late J. W. R. Collins, of Philadelphia, rich in Burns and Scott literature, and the first five parts of the enormous collection (about forty thousand volumes) of the late Hon. John R. Reid, of Babylon, N. Y.

THE Burrows Brothers Company, of Cleveland, announce an important series of American reprints of great interest to the innumerable collectors of early American books who are unable to possess the rare and

valuable first editions, or the scarce, earlier reprints. Five volumes are announced. Vol. I. appeared in July, and the edition is almost exhausted; No. 2 in September, and the others are to follow during the fall. The volumes are:

1. Denton. "A Brief Description of New York; Formerly Called New-Netherlands." 1670.

2. Wolley. "A Two Years' Journal in New York and Part of its Territories in America."

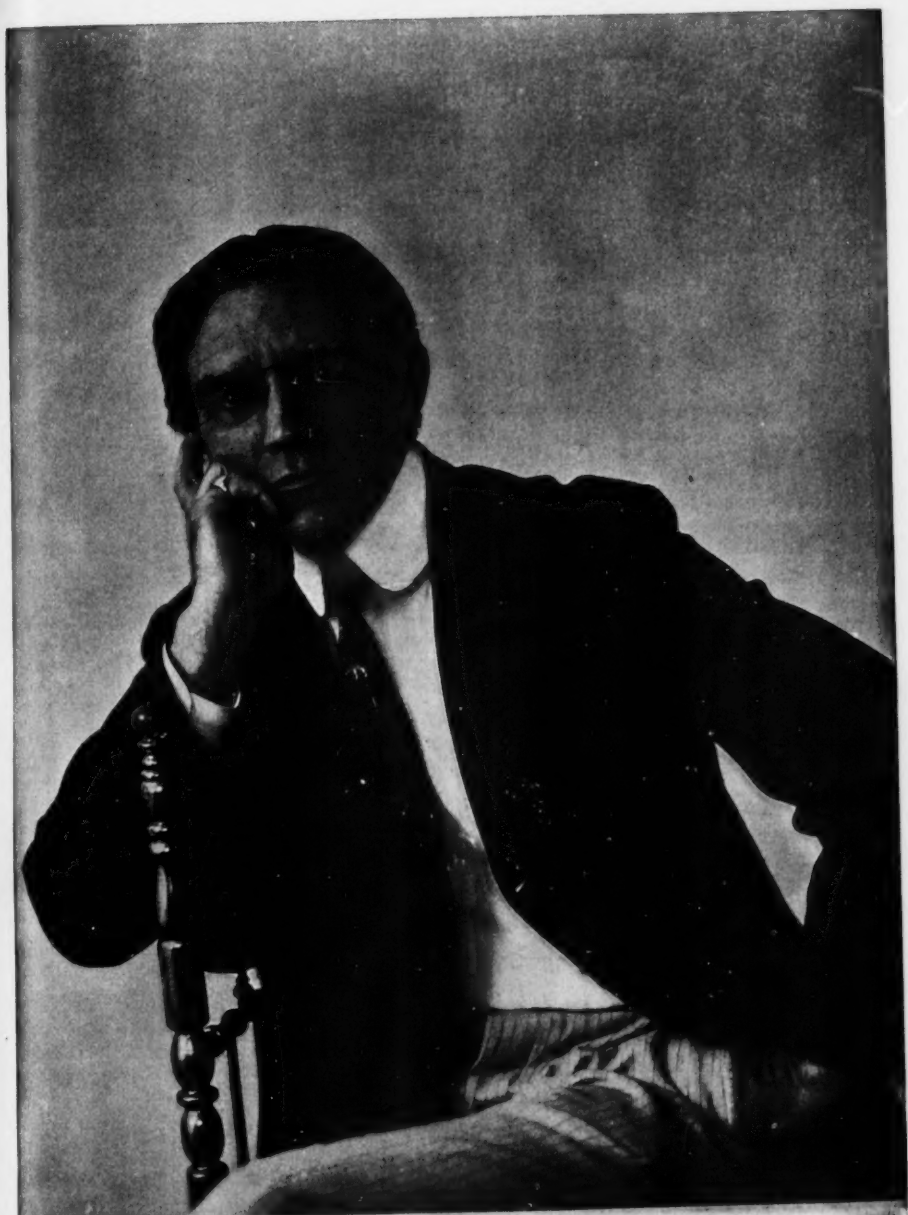
3. Miller. "A Description of the Province and City of New York." 1695.

4. Budd. "Good Order Established in Pennsylvania and New Jersey." 1678.

5. Alsop. "A Character of the Province of Maryland." 1666.

AMONG the most important of the fall announcements is that of the "Variorum and Definitive Edition of the Works of Edward Fitzgerald," issued by Doubleday, Page & Co. The edition consists of 27 copies on Japan vellum, 100 on hand-made *papier de Rives* with a special water mark, and 250 on specially made machine paper. There are to be seven volumes in the set—which includes a complete bibliography and an introduction by Edmund Gosse. There is much unknown material and many useful notes. To insure the most perfect and even press work, the whole edition is being printed on one press, and the volumes appear monthly—the first one, containing the "Rubaiyat," was issued in August.

THE catalogues for the fall sales of Bangs & Co. are now ready. Among the important sales are the library of Richard Henry Stoddard and a large collection of fine autographs and manuscripts formerly belonging to William Carey.



Charles G. D. Roberts

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IT seems odd that the socialists and reformers in the country are so little acquainted with the work of Edward Carpenter, "Poet and Prophet," as Mr. Ernest Crosby calls him in his little pamphlet telling of his life and work. He may be caviare to the general, but there should be a larger number familiar with his work. The fourth edition, containing new material, of his extraordinary book of poetry, "Towards Democracy," is about to appear. Even to many lovers of Walt Whitman, whose disciple Carpenter is, he is quite unknown, or known vaguely as a writer of rather daring pamphlets on various problems. His latest book, "Ioläus, an Anthology of Friendship," issued by Charles E. Goodspeed, of Boston, is a collection of quotations, mostly from the Greek classics, though Shakespeare's Sonnets and Walt Whitman are represented by some pages.

We are enabled to reproduce a hitherto unpublished photograph; one taken last year at Mr. Carpenter's home.

In writing to us about Mr. Carpenter, Mr. Crosby, who is, perhaps, as familiar as any one in this country with his works, says: "Nor is Carpenter a mere penman. Like Tolstoy and Thoreau, his life is perhaps more interesting than his art, and he practises before he preaches. A fellow of Cambridge, and a university-extension lecturer on science and music, for a time; likewise, curate under Frederick Maurice, he became enamored of the extremely un-English idea of equality, relinquished orders, threw up his fellowship, exchanging it for a real fellowship with the yeomen of his country, and for twenty years now has lived in a workman's cottage near Sheffield, dividing his time between his books and lectures and manual labor.

"What is his message to the world? It is a spirit and not a system, and it has the vagueness of the south wind or

of a gorgeous sunset. The prevailing impression of his poetry is that of freedom, comradeship, simplicity of life, and joy in identity with the universal. Here is a characteristic passage from 'Towards Democracy':

All night by the shore . . .
I am a bit of the shore; the waves feed
upon me, they come pasturing over
me; . . .

I am a little arm of the sea; the same
tumbling, swooning dream goes on
—I feel the waves all around me, I
spread myself through them. . . .

I am detached, I disentangle myself
from the shore: I have become free
—I float out and mingle with the
rest.

Suddenly I am the great living Ocean
itself—the awful Spirit of Immen-
sity creeps over my face.

I am in love with it. All night and
ages and ages long and for ever I
pour my soul out to it in love.

I spread myself out broader and
broader forever, that I may touch
it and be with it everywhere.

I know but I do not care any longer
which my own particular body is—
all conditions and fortunes are
mine.

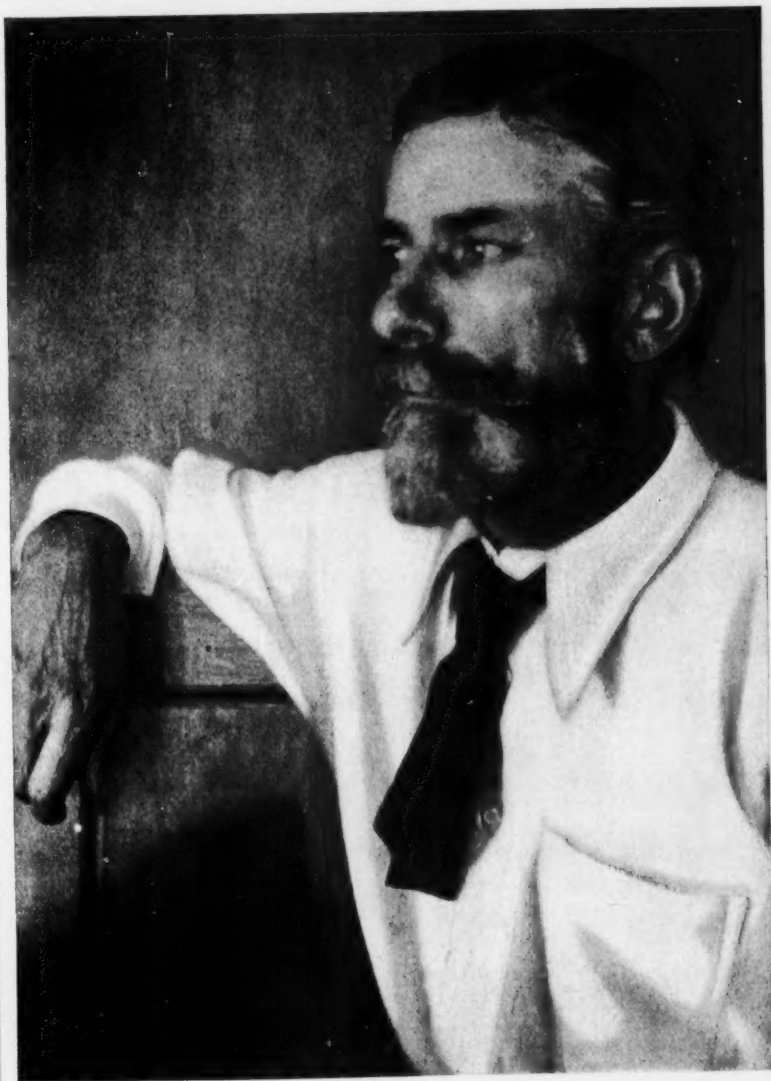
By the ever beautiful coast-line of
human life, by all shores, in all cli-
mates and countries, by every se-
cluded nook and inlet.

Under the eye of my beloved Spirit I
glide;

O joy! forever, ever joy!

Page 158.) "

For the many to whom poetry does not appeal we would recommend the two delightful books of essays, "England's Ideal" and "Civilisation: Its Cause and Cure," as an introduction to Carpenter's work. They are full or originality, and sparkle with a delicate humor none too common in men of his type.



MR. EDWARD CARPENTER



COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY MCCLURE, PHILLIPS & CO.

Messrs. McClure, Phillips & Co., allow us to give our readers this specimen of Mr. Booth Tarkington's work as an illustrator of his own stories. It has always been the habit of Mr. Tarkington, as it is of so many writers, to draw certain scenes in his books as they appear to his mind's eye. But as he makes no pretense of being an illustrator he has not before published any of his drawings. This time, however, his publishers have persuaded him to let

them use this drawing in a special limited edition of "The Two Vanrevels" which they are issuing. We find the drawing not only interesting because done by the author, but there is also a quaintness and charm in the work itself that is very taking. It reminds one curiously in style and treatment of some of Thackeray's work, and we should much like to see a whole book illustrated by Mr. Tarkington.

The Porcupine's Happy Thought

ONCE in the icy violet winter starvation faced the furtive folk, but a bright thought came to the slow-witted porcupine.

Plucking a quill from his tail, he wrote a tale for a popular magazine.

The check he received in return not only enabled him to support his family in luxury, but made it possible for his mate to lay in a new set of furs for the following winter.

THE KINDRED OF THE WILD. Page 367 (?).

Rudyard Kipling as an Illustrator

With Four Illustrations by Rudyard Kipling

WHEN a writer so supreme in his art as Rudyard Kipling turns his pen in a new direction and sends out a book illustrated by himself, the world is naturally curious and inclined to be critical. But the critical attitude is not the one in which to approach the pictures of the "Just So Stories" issued by Doubleday, Page & Co. Mr. Kipling has tried nothing which requires or attempts what is ordinarily called "technique." These pictures challenge no comparison with the work of other illustrators—they stand by themselves, whimsical fancies in bold black and white, admirably translating the whimsical fancies of the stories.

Neither stories nor pictures should be taken too seriously, or rather, too critically, from the "grown-up" standpoint. Both are meant to please children; and while it is undoubtedly "a big thing—a wonderfully big thing—to be able to write well enough really to interest little children," as Mr. Kipling is said to have said, it is not fair to judge of things written or drawn with this end in view, from any standpoint other than that of the child. The small child—not the priggish ten-year-old who has "absorbed ideas," but the real, true child—is an exceedingly good and exceedingly severe critic; if he likes these stories and pictures, they are a success; if he doesn't like them, they are a failure, no matter who did them.

Through the courtesy of Messrs.



COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY RUDYARD KIPLING

Doubleday, Page & Co. we are enabled to give some examples of Mr. Kipling's drawings, and his descriptions of them.

Besides the numerous full-page pictures there are strange and curious initial letters and fantastic decorations of various sorts, as well as an admirably designed cover. It is not generally known that Kipling himself also designed the cover of "The Day's Work," which we reproduce here from the original drawing in the office of Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Though we have said that it isn't sensible to judge of these pictures from any standpoint which it is possible for us to get first-hand, we can say that they are interesting and effective, and that we believe that they are successful because we believe the children will like

them. There is one thing to be said, at any rate: these pictures illustrate these stories far better than any other pic-

tures illustrate any other stories of Mr. Kipling's, not excepting the plaster designs executed by Mr. Kipling, Sr.

Description of Picture on Opposite Page.

This is the picture of the Parsee beginning to eat his cake on the Uninhabited Island in the Red Sea on a very hot day; and of the Rhinoceros coming down from the Altogether Uninhabited Interior, which, as you can truthfully see, is all rocky. The Rhinoceros's skin is quite smooth, and the three buttons that button it up are underneath, so you can't see them. The squiggly things on the Parsee's hat are the rays of the sun reflected in more-than-oriental splendor, because if I had drawn real rays they would have filled up all the picture. The cake has currants in it; and the wheel-thing lying on the sand in front belonged to one of Pharaoh's chariots when he tried to cross the Red Sea. The Parsee found it, and kept it to play with. The Parsee's name was Pestonjee Bomonjee, and the Rhinoceros was called Strorks, because he breathed through his mouth instead of his nose. I wouldn't ask anything about the cooking-stove, if I were you.

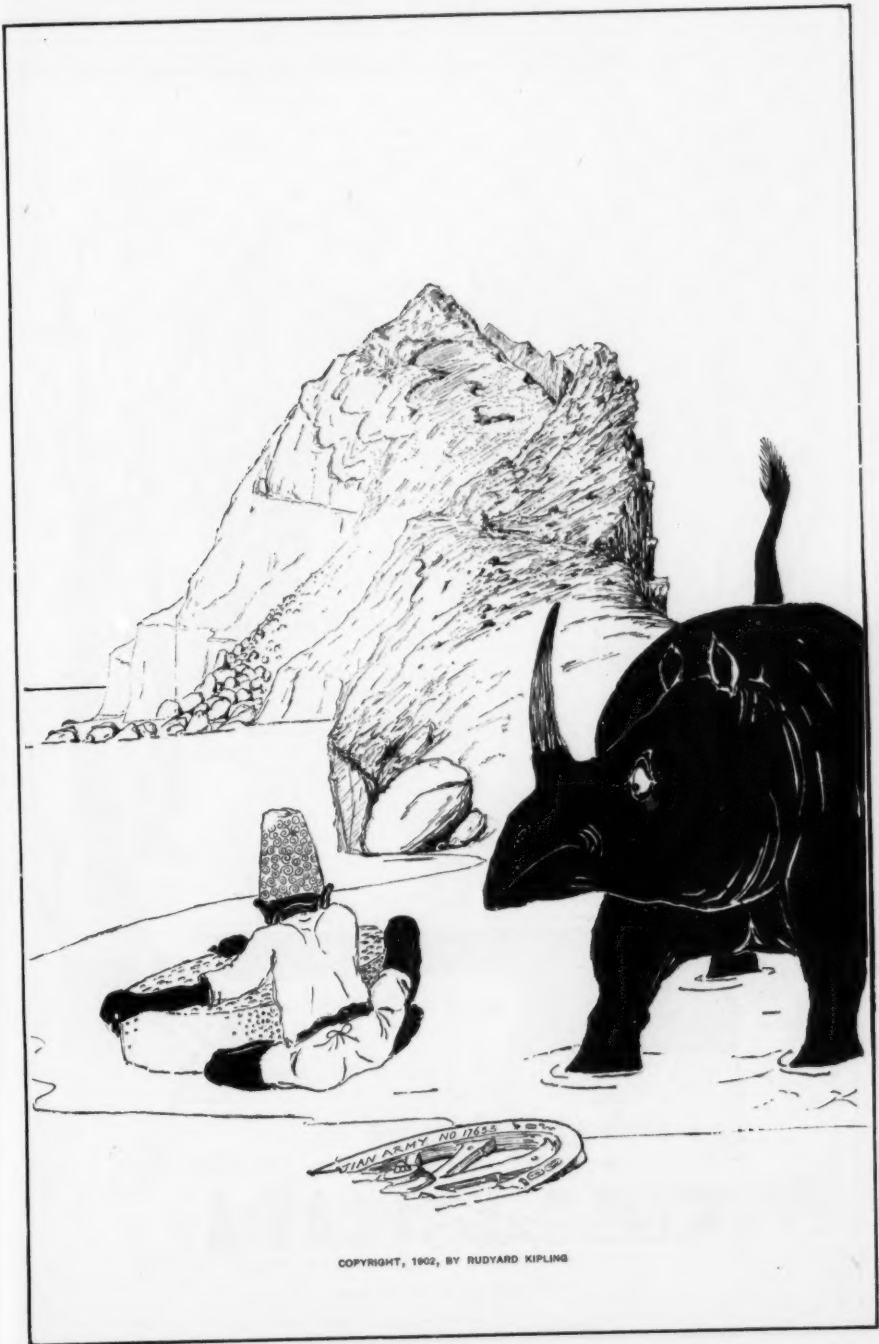
Description of Picture on Page 30.

This is Wise Baviaan, the dog-headed Baboon, who is quite the Wisest Animal in all South Africa. I have drawn him from a statue that I make up out of my own head, and I have written his name on his belt and on his shoulder and on the thing he is sitting on. I have written it in what is not called Coptic and Hieroglyphic and Cuneiformic and Bengalic and Burmic and Hebric, all because he is so wise. He is not beautiful, but he is very wise; and I should like to paint him with paint-box colors, but I am not allowed. The umbrella-ish thing about his head is his Conventional Mane.

Description of Picture on Page 31.

This is the picture of the Cat that Walked by Himself, walking by his wild lone through the Wet Wild Woods and waving his wild tail. There is nothing else in the picture except some toadstools. They had to grow there because the woods were so wet. The lumpy thing on the low branch isn't a bird. It is moss that grew there because the Wild Woods were so wet.

Underneath the truly picture is a picture of the cosy Cave that the Man and the Woman went to after the Baby came. It was their summer Cave, and they planted wheat in front of it. The Man is riding on the Horse to find the Cow and bring her back to the Cave to be milked. He is holding up his hand to call the dog, who has swum across to the other side of the river, looking for rabbits.



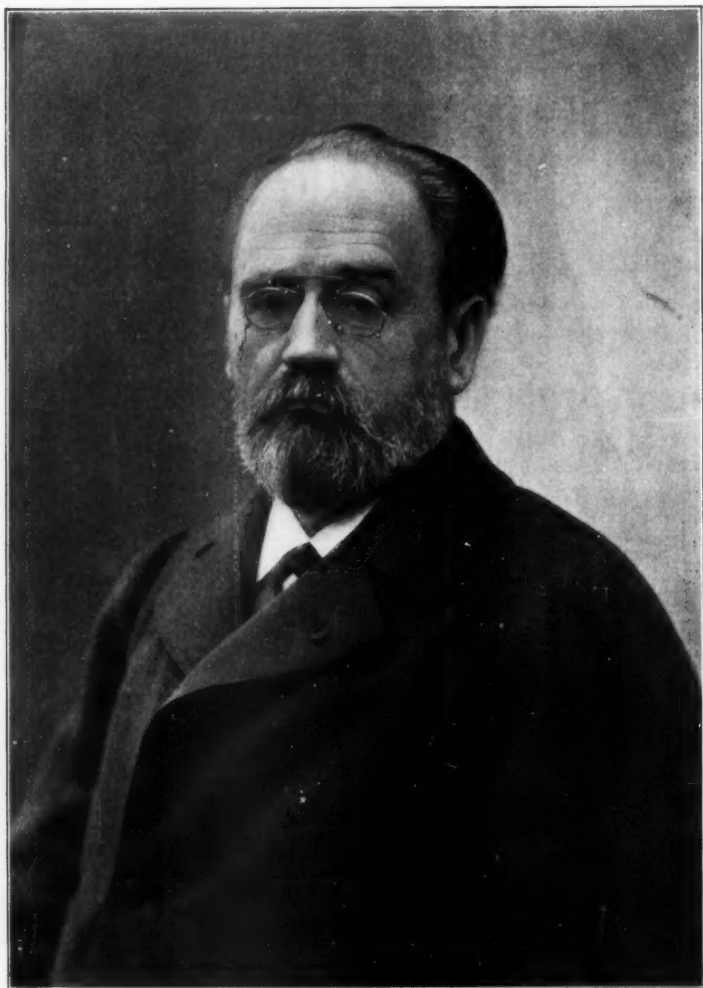
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ÉMILE ZOLA

Born April 2, 1840; died September 29, 1902

The Girl and the Quaint Old Gentleman: A Tabard Inn Conversacioun

BY HENRY TYRRELL

THAT still and sultry August morning, they had the car practically to themselves, the Girl and the Quaint Old Gentleman. It was a Lexington Avenue car, coming downtown.

The Girl had a late edition of the evening paper — 'twas nigh eleven o'clock in the forenoon — but glanced it through hastily and laid it in her lap. She had also a gorgeously bound book, carried for protection in a black board-case with a band of red tape around it. This volume she presently removed from its box, and, idly turning the leaves, looked for pictures; whilst the Quaint Old Gentleman peered over her shoulder with frank but respectful curiosity. Finally he said, in a strange, far-away, yet courtly sounding voice:

"Tell me, I praye, yonge mayde, what boke ye rede?"

She looked up with an amused smile, having already taken note of her antique fellow passenger, and his indefinable air of the bygone. He was indeed a weird and elvish-looking person, with his little pointed gray beard curled outward, and bright twinkling eyes that glanced about with a shrewd and kindly though dazed expression.

"It's 'The New Canterbury Tales,' by Maurice Hewlett," responded the Girl. Then, encouraged by the evident interest which her words aroused, she continued: "It isn't much good, I

just took it yesterday on chance and now I'm returning it. I wanted Ouida's 'Under Two Flags,' but it was out. The books you want are always out, at the Tabard Inn."

"The Tabard Inn? Now, by Seinte Mary, *benedicite!* that name doth recalle my gentil hostelrie in Southwerk, likewise highte the Tabard—faste by the Belle."

It was now the Girl's turn to look dazed, but only for an instant. Perceiving that the unintelligible Old Gentleman was curious, and presumably ignorant, on the subject mentioned, she volunteered further information.

"The Tabard Inn is a circulating library, you know. You subscribe to it, and then you can read all the new books at five cents per. That is, you can if the ones you want happen to be in—but they never are."

"In what manere tales do you seeke?" he inquired. "Perchance you woulde like myn own—for I also have writ of Canterbury—bokes, songes, and ditties as well."

"You don't say so? May I inquire, sir, what is your name? I *thought* you looked literary."

"I'll say you, in answer, from 'The Court of Love,' replied the Quaint Old Gentleman:

"My name? Philogenet I called am, far and nere, Of Cambrige, clerke."

"Cambridge? Oh, yes! that's Harvard. I wore Harvard crimson at the boat race. Are you a professor there? They all write books, I believe. Maybe this one of Maurice Hewlett's is a new up-to-date edition of yours? For, you see, they don't have any use for old back numbers, in the Tabard. Here it is."

She handed him the gorgeously bound volume, and he pored over it a bit, but shook his head, looking more dazed than ever.

"No, daughter," quod he, "'tis none of myn, sith I did write but romaunts and ditties in rhyme. Poesy, *my boke* was."

"Oh, I see. You are a poet—like Ella Wheeler Wilcox, eh? Ever write anything like that?"

She picked up her newspaper, unfolded it, and pointed out to the venerable "Cambridge clerke" some lines of verse almost lost in a swamp of smudgy black and red letters several inches high, haunted with pictorial monsters of hideous mien. The poem was entitled, "What is Flirtation?"

"Nay," said the old Poet, blinking his eyes, "that kynde of art is to me unknowe. I synge of knightes and ladyes and pilgrims, also classic tales of honour, love, and chivalrye, as from Master Boccaccio——"

"I never read Boccaccio, and never wish to," interrupted the Girl, a trifle brusquely, as it seemed.

"And Gower, and Petrarch, the——"

"Peter whom?"

"Fraunces Petrarch, the worthy clerke at Padua, the laureate poete—him that ywroughte the fair soneytes for Laura, which I trowe alle maydes do rede?"

"I have read Laura Jean Libby, if that is what you mean," ventured the Girl, dubiously. "I don't believe I ever had my attention called to any of your poems, though. Where could I find them, do you suppose?"

The gallant Old Gentleman thrust

his hand in the folds of the long loose coat he wore, something like a brown linen duster, and brought forth a neat, flexible little volume, product of the modern University Press at Oxford. This he presented to the Girl, with a fine flourish of Old-World politeness. She took it joyously, opened at the first page, and began to read:

"Whan that Aprille with his schowres swoote

The drought of Marche hath perced to the roote

And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertue engendred is the flour.....

Thanne longen folk to gon on pilgrimages——"

"Oh, that's just too cute for anything!" she exclaimed. "And you write that way because you can't help it?"

"Surely," responded the pleased Poet, without quite understanding what she meant.

"Well, there! I'm glad you showed me this—this *boke*, as you call it. And you say you are a Harvard professor? Well, I graduated from the Long Island City High School myself, and I was intended for a teacher, but—I don't mind telling you—I never could spell, nor see any sense in the conventional rules and regulations of grammar. Now, this phonetic spelling is just what I believe in——"

"Broadway!" shouted the conductor, and the car stopped.

"Oh, here's where I get off," said the Girl. "Perhaps you'd like to come along, and see what the Tabard Inn is like?"

The Quaint Old Gentleman nodded, clambered nimbly off the car, and followed to the library station. As he gazed about him, before entering, and up at the surrounding architectural cliffs and peaks, he appeared sadly bewildered.

At a Grand Rapids oak table sat the librarian, a blonde young person in a baby-blue shirt waist. She and the other Girl were acquainted. They fell to ejaculatory greetings, whilst the Old Gentleman, forgotten for the moment, went away back in a window alcove and seated himself, listening helplessly to their conversation.

"Here's 'Hearts Aflame'—I've been keeping it for you," said the Librarian.

"Oh, thanks! Let's see—what else has floated in? 'Soldiers of Fortune,' by Richard Harding Davis—he's married now, isn't he? 'The Eternal City,' by Hall Caine—how is that?"

"Fine," answered the Librarian.

"Why, have you read it?" asked the Girl, in awe, as she handled the formidable volume.

"Oh, no—I don't have to read such books, that everybody knows are great. Life's too short. I only read things I like.—I beg your pardon, sir. What can I do for you?"

The Librarian had just perceived the Old Gentleman, as he arose and passed near her table to scrutinize an etching that hung on the wall, representing the Canterbury Pilgrims.

"Oh, I forgot," said the Girl, introducing him. "This is Professor—What was it you said your name was, sir?"

"Chaucer, Geoffrey Chaucer," answered the Quaint Old Character, apologetically.

"I don't recollect the name,"—the Librarian thumbed a record ledger—

"we have Howser, and Towser, and Mauser, but not yours. Guess you are not a subscriber, are you? Well, would you like to? Now is a good time to subscribe. We've just raised the membership fee, but it's going to be raised again, in December. If you come in now, you get a year's subscription to "The Scrap Book" free, for nothing—and it's worth the price. Once a member, you can get all the new books for five cents a week. Have you read 'A Speckled Bird'?"

He threw up his hands, appealingly, and murmured in those far-away accents of his:

"As for me, I konne but lytle on newe bokes for to rede. Yet of your gentillesse, I pray you telle me this: a Goddes name, why is this place yclept Tabard Inn? and wherefore yon portraiture of pilgrim folk that toward Canterbury wolden ride?"

"Why, the fact is," said the blonde Librarian in baby-blue, only vaguely comprehending the Quaint Old Gentleman's query, "all that sort of thing comes from headquarters, in Philadelphia; and you know how dead slow Philadelphia is!—about 'steen hundred years behind the times, here in New York."

This explanation seemed somehow to cheer the Old Fellow; and as he bowed himself out, with gentle, fourteenth-century elegance, he was heard muttering:

"To Philadelphia eke I'll wenden way. Yet I doute me this reincarnation of myn be ill-tymed and wronge."

The Poetry of Sappho

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

IF all the poets and all the lovers of poetry should be asked to name the most precious of the priceless things which time has wrung in tribute from the triumphs of human genius, the answer which would rush to every tongue would be "The Lost Poems of Sappho." These we know to have been jewels of a radiance so imperishable that the broken gleams of them still dazzle men's eyes, whether shining from the two small brilliants and the handful of star-dust which alone remain to us, or reflected merely from the adoration of those poets of old time who were so fortunate as to witness their full glory.

For about two thousand five hundred years Sappho has held her place as not only the supreme poet of her sex, but the chief lyrist of all lyrists. Every one who reads acknowledges her fame, concedes her supremacy; but to all except poets and Hellenists her name is a vague and uncomprehended splendor, rising secure above a persistent mist of misconception. In spite of all that is in these days being written about Sappho, it is perhaps not out of place now to inquire, in a few words, into the substance of this supremacy which towers so unassailably secure from what appear to be such shadowy foundations.

First, we have the witness of her contemporaries. Sappho was at the height of her career about six centuries before Christ, at a period when lyric poetry was peculiarly esteemed and cultivated at the centres of Greek life. Among

the Æolic peoples of the Isles, in particular, it had been carried to a high pitch of perfection, and its forms had become the subject of assiduous study. Its technique was exact, complex, extremely elaborate, minutely regulated; yet the essential fires of sincerity, spontaneity, imagination, and passion were flaming with undiminished heat behind the fixed forms and restricted measures. The very metropolis of this lyric realm was Mitylene of Lesbos, where, amid the myrtle groves and temples, the sunlit silver of the fountains, the hyacinth gardens by a soft blue sea, Beauty and Love in their young warmth could fuse the most rigid forms to fluency. Here Sappho was the acknowledged queen of song—revered, studied, imitated, served, adored by a little court of attendants and disciples, loved and hymned by Alcæus, and acclaimed by her fellow-craftsmen throughout Greece as the wonder of her age. That all the tributes of her contemporaries show reverence not less for her personality than for her genius is sufficient answer to the calumnies with which the ribald jesters of that later period, the corrupt and shameless writers of Athenian comedy, strove to defile her fame. It is sufficient, also, to warrant our regarding the picturesque but scarcely dignified story of her vain pursuit of Phaon and her frenzied leap from the Cliff of Leucate as nothing more than a poetic myth, reminiscent, perhaps, of the myth of Aphrodite and Adonis—who

is, indeed, called Phaon in some versions. The story is further discredited by the fact that we find no mention of it in Greek literature—even among those Attic comedians who would have clutched at it so eagerly and given it so gross a turn—till a date more than two hundred years after Sappho's death. It is a myth which has begotten some exquisite literature, both in prose and verse, from Ovid's famous epistle to Addison's gracious fantasy and some impassioned and imperishable dithyrambs of Mr. Swinburne; but one need not accept the story as fact in order to appreciate the beauties which flowered out from its colored unreality.

The applause of contemporaries, however, is not always justified by the verdict of after-times, and does not always secure an immortality of renown. The fame of Sappho has a more stable basis. Her work was in the world's possession for not far short of a thousand years—a thousand years of changing tastes, searching criticism, and familiar use. It had to endure the wear and tear of quotation, the commonizing touch of the school and the market-place. And under this test its glory grew ever more and more conspicuous. Through those thousand years poets and critics vied with one another in proclaiming her verse the one unmatched exemplar of lyric art. Such testimony, even though not a single fragment remained to us from which to judge her poetry for ourselves, might well convince us that the supremacy acknowledged by those who knew all the triumphs of the genius of old Greece was beyond the assault of any modern rival. We might safely accept the sustained judgment of a thousand years of Greece.

Fortunately for us, however, two small but incomparable odes and a few scintillating fragments have survived, quoted and handed down in the eulogies of critics and expositors. In these the

wisest minds, the greatest poets, and the most inspired teachers of modern days have found justification for the unanimous verdict of antiquity. The tributes of Addison, Tennyson, and others, the throbbing paraphrases and ecstatic interpretations of Swinburne, are too well known to call for special comment in this brief note; but the concise summing up of her genius by Mr. Watts-Dunton in his remarkable essay on poetry is so convincing and illuminating that it seems to demand quotation here: "Never before these songs were sung, and never since, did the human soul, in the grip of a fiery passion, utter a cry like hers; and, from the executive point of view, in directness, in lucidity, in that high, imperious verbal economy which only nature can teach the artist, she has no equal, and none worthy to take the place of second."

The poems of Sappho so mysteriously lost to us seem to have consisted of at least nine books of odes, together with *epithalamia*, epigrams, elegies, and monodies. Of the several theories which have been advanced to account for their disappearance, the most plausible seems to be that which represents them as having been burned at Byzantium in the year 380 anno Domini, by command of Gregory Nazianzen, in order that his own poems might be studied in their stead and the morals of the people thereby improved. Of the efficacy of this act no means of judging has come down to us.

In recent years there has arisen a great body of literature upon the subject of Sappho, most of it the abstruse work of scholars writing for scholars. But the gist of it all, together with the minutest surviving fragment of her verse, has been made available to the general reader in English by Mr. Henry T. Wharton, in whose altogether admirable little volume we find all that is known and the most apposite of all

that has been said up to the present day about

"Love's priestess, mad with pain and joy of song,
Song's priestess, mad with joy and pain of love."

Perhaps the most perilous and the most alluring venture in the whole field of poetry is that which Mr. Carman has undertaken in attempting to give us in English verse those lost poems of Sappho of which fragments have survived. The task is obviously not one of translation or of paraphrasing, but

of imaginative and, at the same time, interpretive construction. It is as if a sculptor of to-day were to set himself, with reverence, and trained craftsmanship, and studious familiarity with the spirit, technique, and atmosphere of his subject, to restore some statues of Polyclitus or Praxiteles of which he had but a broken arm, a foot, a knee, a finger upon which to build. Mr. Carman's method, apparently, has been to imagine each lost lyric as discovered, and then to translate it; for the indefinable flavor of the translation is maintained throughout, though accompanied by the fluidity and freedom of purely original work.

To a Lady of Titles

BY ELIZABETH GANNON

'T WAS Margaret of Crotona, from A Journey just returned,
In search of Souls Belated (to such her spirit yearned).
Straightway to The Confessional she went to tell One Grief,
And, entering, met The Duchess at Prayer, who held belief
That days of Crucial Instances should ever thus be spent.
But when The Twilight of the God a sombre aspect lent,
Both left the church and passed along The Line of Least Resistance.
The Duchess was A Coward—Margaret humored her persistence.
They passed The Angel at the Grave, on guard, and nothing daunted,
Though, since The Muse's Tragedy, they say the place is haunted.
The Duchess said, "O, Margaret, has aught repaid thy zeal?"
"The Recovery of The Rembrandt; but The Portrait is not real."
"A Copy!" cried the Duchess, sad, and utterly dismayed;
For now she knew the time had come, The Reckoning must be paid.
All silently they wandered through The Valley of Decision
Thinking to find The Touchstone, when, behold! they saw a vision:
The moon rose o'er the Quicksand and solved the situation
For The Moving Finger pointed toward The Greater Inclination.

Sappho : Lyrics

BY BLISS CARMAN

With Excerpts from a Literal Rendering by H. T. Wharton

I

*Delicate Adonis is dying, Cytherea; what shall we do?
Beat your breasts, maidens, and rend your tunics.*

WHAT shall we do, Aphrodite?
Lovely Adonis is dying.
Ah, but we mourn him!

Will he return when the Autumn
Purples the earth, and the sunlight
Sleeps in the vineyard?

Will he return when the Winter
Huddles the sheep, and Orion
Goes to his hunting?

Ah, for thy beauty, Adonis,
With the soft springs and the South wind,
Love and desire!

II

“WHO was Atthis?” men shall ask,
When the world is old, and time
Has accomplished without haste
The strange destiny of men.

Haply in that far-off age
One shall find these silver songs
With their human freight, and guess
What a lover Sappho was.

III

I loved thee once, Atthis, long ago.

I LOVED thee, Atthis, in the long ago,
 When the great oleanders were in flower
 In the broad herded meadows full of sun.
 And we would often at the fall of dusk
 Wander together by the silver stream,
 When the soft grass-heads were all wet with dew
 And purple misted in the fading light.
 And joy I knew and sorrow at thy voice,
 And the superb magnificence of love,—
 The loneliness that saddens solitude,
 And the sweet speech that makes it durable,—
 The bitter longing and the keen desire,
 The sweet companionship through quiet days
 In the slow ample beauty of the world,
 And the unutterable glad release
 Within the temple of the holy night.
 O Atthis, how I loved thee long ago
 In that fair perished summer by the sea.

IV

*The moon has set, and the Pleiades; it is midnight, the
 time is going by, and I sleep alone.*

O NCE you lay upon my bosom,
 While the long blue-silver moonlight
 Walked the plain, with that pure passion
 All your own.

Now the moon is gone, the Pleiades
 Gone, the dead of night is going,
 Slips the hour, and on my bed
 I lie alone.

V

S OFTLY the first step of twilight
 Falls on the darkening dial,
 One by one kindle the lights
 In Mitylene.

Noises are hushed in the courtyard,
The busy day is departing,
Children are called from their games,—
Herds from their grazing.

And from the deep-shadowed angles
Comes the soft murmur of lovers,
Then through the quiet of dusk
Bright, sudden laughter.

From the hushed street, through the portal
Where soon my lover will enter,
Comes the pure strain of a flute
Tender with passion.

VI

Sleep thou in the bosom of thy tender girl-friend.

SLEEP thou in the bosom
Of the tender comrade,
While the living water
Whispers in the well-run,
And the oleanders
Glimmer in the moonlight.

Soon, ah, soon the shy birds
Will be at their fluting,
And the morning planet
Rise above the garden;
For there is a measure
Set to all things mortal.

VII

*And round about the breeze murmurs cool through apple boughs,
and slumber streams from quivering leaves.*

I N the apple boughs the coolness
Murmurs, and the gray leaves flicker
Where sleep wanders.

In this garden all the hot noon
I await thy fluttering footfall
Through the twilight.

VIII

And golden pulse grew on the shores.

IT was summer when I found you
In the meadow long ago,
And the golden vetch was growing
By the shore.

Did we falter when love took us
With a gust of great desire?
Does the barley bid the wind wait
In his course?

IX

Men, I think, will remember us even hereafter.

WILL not men remember us
In the days to come hereafter,—
Thy warm-colored loving beauty
And my love for thee?

Thou, the hyacinth that grows
By a quiet-running river;
I, the watery reflection
And the broken gleam.

X

AND thou seaborne Aphrodite,
In whose beneficent keeping
Earth with her infinite beauty,
Color and fashion and fragrance,
Glow like a flower with fervor
Where woods are vernal.

Touch with thy lips and enkindle
Thy moon-white delicate body,
Drench with the dew of enchantment
This mortal one, that I also
Grow to the measure of beauty
Fleet yet eternal.

The Attitude of the Jews Towards Jewish Fiction

BY BERNARD G. RICHARDS

WHAT is the attitude of the Jews towards Jewish fiction, towards those of their brethren who with their pens, mightier than iron bolts, have broken down the walls of the Ghetto and enabled the world to see its inhabitants very much as they are? What is thought of these little gods called artists, who have selected the chosen people as material for literary creations? There are a number of attitudes, as must be expected, among a people representative of so many contrasting stages of circumstance, intelligence, intellect, culture, and position; a people so ancient and so modern, so backward and so advanced, so pious and so radical, so primitive and so progressive as the Jews are; a people so cosmopolitan and so scattered all over the world. There are a number of attitudes, and each one represents a certain state of thought and feeling, or an uncertain stage of evolution. But there are predominating elements whose opinions can be learned, at least in so far as they exist. I say in so far as they exist, for taking the classes that most concern us, the orthodox and pious circumscribed denizens of the Ghetto, who live in the past, large numbers of them know nothing, or next to nothing, of their advent into modern literature. Of the men and the women whose portraits adorn the pages of monumental works

of Jewish fiction, many do not know of the existence of these works. This explains what these people think of the writers. Moses Ansell has never heard of Israel Zangwill.

But yesterday the art of fiction, as most of the other arts, was unknown in the Ghetto. Individual Jews contributed to all the arts of the world, but for the people at large the world of art did not exist. The Law, religious lore, and sacred poetry held full sway. Beyond these there were no heights to scale, no depths to fathom. When, during the early part of the last century, revolutionary spirits of the Ghetto in Russia, moved by the sufferings of their people and touched by the aspirations of the age, dipped their goose-quills to write on subjects secular, and even to compose stories, their brethren looked askance at their work and regarded their efforts with dark suspicion. The book of aesthetics was as a closed book and its ideals had no adherents there. The youths who began to read these worldly, godless books read them secretly, behind a volume of the "Talmud." But even the Ghetto could not resist the progress of the world. Influences of advancing civilization penetrated the obscurest corners of the Old World Jewries. In spite of all opposition, a Hebrew and later a Yiddish literature flourished and flowered. The

elder and conservative elements lived not only to see their quaint lives, their peculiar earthly and heavenly pursuits treated in a worldly manner in these literatures, but they survived to behold themselves depicted in the secular letters of the world, both by Gentile pens and by "impious and lax" members of their own race.

Whether they approved of it or not, large numbers gradually came, and are still coming, to know that they have been brought to the notice of the "Umase Hoalom," the nations of the world, through the medium of secular studies and artistic stories. The educational influence of the children upon their parents, particularly among the Jews who emigrated to England and America, is overwhelming. The young generation reads and studies all that is new, keeps abreast of things modern, and the elder people, if only because of their interest in the welfare of their offspring, soon come to the knowledge of things they have not dreamed of before. Strangely divided are these countless lives of the Ghetto, drawn to the past by the strings of tradition, by the ties of association, and beckoned by the future to its dazzling possibilities and fair promises for their posterity.

Gradually those who knew nothing of this existence of theirs in books are coming to the knowledge of it, the more so in the countries where they are in close contact with the new forces of the "days modern" and here we come to their attitude towards Jewish fiction.

There is a memory of childhood in a little town of Russia which has just come into my mind. It is the great and awesome fast of the Day of Atonement. The people are assembled in the big synagogue, where they have been praying all day. The men are in their full-flowing white death-robcs, praying-shawls, and stockings. The

women, too, up in their gallery, are robed in white. The day is closing, the fearful day of judgment, when even "the fish tremble in the water"; the candles burn dimly and cast fitful reflections upon pallid and feverish faces of humble and imploring sons of the covenant, swinging to and fro, beating their breasts, wailing and weeping and staining their prayer-books with their tears, the fast-faint voices of the cantor and his choir, leading the storm upon the gates of Heaven. A wonderful air of sanctity hovers over all, and the lowliest of these children of the earth have become transfigured; their eyes are informed of a strange brilliancy. Verily, they are near the gates. Then, the Inspravenik, or chief of police of the town, and a troop of other officials and friends, curiosity-led, enter the synagogue "to see how the Jews worship" on this day. They are shown to a place on the reading-platform in the centre of the hall, and there they stand and stare, talk in whispers between themselves, and smile. And somehow the spirit of the scene changes; the presence of these "goim," these unbelievers, creates an irritating self-consciousness; a spirit of unease creeps over all, and the fervid ebullitions of religious emotion are interrupted. The prayers no longer flow as freely as before, and there is something rasping in the erstwhile sweet voice of the "chazen." Consciously or unconsciously the rude intrusion is jealously resented. Because they came the strangers do not behold what they came to see. 'Tis not the same service, and the atmosphere is altered. And I remember one little boy, standing beside his father, who felt so peculiarly uncomfortable at the stare of the on-lookers that he hid his head behind his parent's "talith."

A disposition akin to this is felt by the orthodox and zealous Jews towards pictures of their life placed on public

exhibition. This is in a large measure the attitude of the ancient people—who live and think much in the ancient way—towards the works of fiction that have more recently been weaved around their picturesque existence. The marked sensitiveness of the Jew makes him shrink from exposure of his exclusive, isolated, and self-centred life. This high-strung sensitiveness is easily offended. Intrusions are insulting. The distinct people desires to remain distinct, and above all in its spiritual pursuits it wishes to be left alone. The same aloofness has for centuries kept it from fusing with other peoples, when fusion would have meant exemption from the direst persecutions. Into the holy of holies of his private and religious life, the eye of the stranger is not welcome. Judaism was ever sufficient unto itself and never sought any converts, or conquests. It has never wished to go on parade. In all his secular interests and mundane activities, in all appertaining to his contributions to the world's work and progress, the Jew was ready and willing to have intercourse with the rest of the world; but in his synagogue and his home he wished to be left alone. And now when the novelist follows him to these holy places he turns around facing him sternly and asks: "Whither, sir?" The cosmopolitanism of the Jew has been much commented upon, but his other and earlier extreme is his clanishness, or, to call it by a more pleasing name, exclusiveness. Whatever the Jew was subjected to outwardly, he was perfectly safe when he retired into his inner self, a world of dreams and ideals of his own, wherein no one ever molested him. The modern, realistic, critical novelist comes somewhat in the nature of a disturbing agitator, and it cannot be said that he is very welcome.

The pronounced conceit, or the sublime egoism, of the Jew is perhaps

responsible for his wonderful survival. Outside of that feeling and state of mind, which is part of the patriotism of every people, there is in the majestic self-justification of the Jew a something that has awed and overwhelmed his enemies. And the people chosen by God would not be worthy of the honor if it had not implanted in them an unyielding pride and undying self-exaltation. The pride that these children take in their past, their traditions, their religion, and their glorious career throughout history, still more fortifies their isolation and makes them averse to criticism and the scrutiny of the outsiders. The Jewish holy adoration of the chosen people is partly responsible for their strange survival, and their strange survival adds not a little to the aforesaid sublime egoism. To this pronounced ego Bernard Lazare traces Jewish distinction in music and lyric poetry and it may be extended to other literary arts. And the very quality that helps the Jewish artist towards the successful delineation of character is that which causes the resentment on part of his brethren. The cold-blooded analysis, the matter-of-fact weighing and measuring, the detached reviewing and calm criticism of the story-writer cannot fail to be displeasing to a people of superlative self-appreciation. It is human conceit in any case that makes the difference of opinion and utter misunderstanding between the novelist and those whom he novelizes, and here the case is accentuated by far-away conditions of strong faith, sombre martyrdoms, surpassing religious consciousness, a feeling of sublime suffering, and superiority.

The sufferings that the Israelites have endured, the persecutions they have been subjected to, and the outrages that have been committed against them through the centuries must be taken into this account. So utterly misunderstood, so misrepresented, and

slandered have they been that their exclusiveness and fear of the world have been intensified to the point of wishing to escape intercourse and means of communication with other peoples. Faith in humanity has been weakened, sympathy with other races has not been allowed to flourish, and trustfulness has met with treason. The enemies would only jeer at wounds they themselves have inflicted, would only laugh at deformities caused by conditions they have created. The Jew does not feel as if he can be confidential with the world. He does not believe that the whole of his story should be told. It will not be understood. The dark spots will be magnified to wildest extravagance. He has been falsely accused of so many misdemeanors, slanderously charged with so many crimes, that he is ever on the defensive. The hydra-headed monster of anti-Semitism after all the onslaughts upon it of modern humanity still has a few heads left. Justice to the Jew has been suggested—yes, it has been suggested. His contributions to the arts, the sciences, and civilization generally are taken as a matter of course, but that there should be phases of lowly life in his story, is so much material for vilifying caricature and damning denunciation.

In literature generally the Jew has been so maltreated that he does not believe much good can come from it, and therefore looks askance at the new writers. All that he never was and never could be has been minutely described and depicted for many generations. In fact, the popular conception of the Jew has been fashioned after certain caricature creations in fiction, after what has been termed "the Shakespeare-Marlowe-Dickens-Du Maurier" type of the Jew. Of the harm done by such and similar creations and the resentment and bitterness felt over them by the ancient people,

I do not intend to speak here. At best the Jew has been treated as an angelic nonentity. Insult added to injury.

I have recently talked with many Hebrews of the old school concerning this question, and those who knew of the modern literary works about Jewish life took the same disapproving and disparaging attitude that I had always encountered. The man who is known as the leading match-maker of the Boston Ghetto, spoke harshly of Mr. Zangwill and his work. He did not see how it could be justified. "Yes," said he, "in the 'Dreamers' Mr. Zangwill has presented lofty and great personalities, that have arisen in the Ghetto; but were not most of them agnostics and infidels, deserters and discards of the Law?" And the old man quoted a sage in Israel, who said that his people should be castigated and scolded and criticised, but not in the eyes of the outsiders, not in the presence of strangers. And I remembered that all the critical studies, most realistic stories, searing satires, and scathing sermons, that are written in Hebrew and Yiddish, are read by my people with all the enjoyment of literature. The more trenchant the writer's pen the more he is admired. But when this is done in English, that the outsider may read, it is different.

In proportion to their admiration of true art and understanding of its purpose members of the young generation read and relish the work of Zangwill, Cahan, Gordon, Herman Bernstein, and others; but there is still the patriotic feeling, the supersensitiveness and delicacy of the racial instinct, the timorous and uncertain attitude towards the world; and when a seamy phase of life is pictured and the picture is gloomy, they are offended and outraged, and whoever the writer may be, he suffers not a little in their estimation. When recently Zangwill's superb short story, "A Model of Sorrows," appeared in

the "Cosmopolitan," some young men I know showed me their linguistic powers by cursing the author of it in a number of languages. The average non-jewish reader, they argued, will take the depraved and degraded character of Quariat as a type of the Jew, and will not, as does the artist in the story, who has been duped by him, recognize the causes of his being as he is and treat him with such charity. "The tragedy of the Jew is that he is unworthy of his tragedy." How could they countenance that? Indignant protests are heard every little while, and even his entrance into the Zionist movement will not bring to Mr. Zangwill the good will of his orthodox and old-fashioned brethren. The young generation is, of course, divided between the conservative, the liberal, and the radical, and opinions differ accordingly. Among the liberals and radicals there is, as a rule, the best appreciation of art and its object, regardless of racial prejudices and instincts, and among these can be found great numbers who idolize Mr. Zangwill and hold him in even greater esteem than he is held in literary and artistic circles generally. I should say that his staunchest admirers are to be found among the intelligent Russian Jews, old and young, in this country as well as in England. But for his humorous and overdrawn treatment of the Jewish labor agitators in the "Children of the Ghetto," the leaders of the radical movement have an egregious grudge against him.

The publication of the "Children of the Ghetto" evoked much opposition, and most of it came from the German, or reformed, or rich Jews—for there is usually a marriage between these three conditions. It was so in the case of other productions of a like nature. Pictures of the poverty and misery, the squalor and the sordidness of the Ghetto, and such graphic and glowing pictures as Zangwill has painted, are very offen-

sive to the aristocratic, the fashionable and wealthy members of the tribes that have not been lost. They do not want the world to know of these circumstances and they fear that they may be confounded with and likened to these lowly Jews. It is like an effort to conceal the black sheep of the family. They are ashamed of their poor relations. And for those crawling creatures, anxious and ambitious to shine in unfriendly Christian society, exhibitions of Whitechapel, or East Side life are a distinct advantage. In their anger they forget, or ignore that the Ghetto is "a world which hides beneath its stony and unlovely surface an inner world of dreams, fantastic and poetic as the mirage of the Orient where they were woven, of superstitions grotesque as the cathedral gargoyles of the Dark Ages in which they had birth," and that "over all lie tenderly some streaks of celestial light shining from the face of the great Lawgiver." The severest and most scathing critic of the dramatized production of the "Children of the Ghetto," was Alan Dale (Adolph J. Cohen), an aristocratic German Jew, or what Abe Cahan sarcastically calls a "Yehudy," as distinguished from the "Yid" of the Ghetto.

In his collected lectures on "The Jew in English Fiction," Dr. Philipson complements this view of the reformed Jews by insisting that only religiously does the Jew differ from other people; that he has no special characteristic traits and tendencies, which may distinguish him from all the rest of humanity, and that novelists should treat him merely as a Jew in his separate faith. Concerning these "remarkable observations," the "Jewish World" says: "Were it true that the Jew possessed no natural traits, then Zangwill and all those who follow in his train would be writing of imaginary things; but we believe that the author does not want to be taken seriously on that point,

though the bias of anti-Zionism makes him regard 'Daniel Deronda' as impossible and results in but incomplete consideration of Disraeli's contribution to Jewish fiction."

When Mr. Abraham Cahan's "Yekl," a realistic and powerful tale of the New York Ghetto, appeared he was almost universally assailed by the press and the rabbinate of reformed Judaism. He was ostracized, bitterly attacked, and called all sorts of vile names. The "dangerous labor agitator," having written his book, became a terrible monster in their eyes, the more so because he defiantly promised to write some more stories like "Yekl." He had his principles of life and art and meant to live up to them. I know of rabbis who wrote to magazine editors protesting against certain short stories of Mr. Cahan. These stories are splendid reproductions of the life that Mr. Cahan knows so well. When during his visit here a dinner was tendered to Mr. Zangwill by a New York leading Jewish society, some of the worthy members, or members who are conspicuous worthies, objected to inviting Cahan as a guest; but Mr. Zangwill insisted, and so the author of "The Imported Bridegroom" came and made a bold and happy speech.

"A dinner in honor of Mr. Zangwill, given by a Jewish society!" the reader will say after having perused all that was said above. Yes, a dinner, and many dinners were tendered to him at different times, and various tokens of admiration were shown him on numerous occasions by all classes of his people; but not all these expressions of esteem because he is the great interpreter of his race, not because better than any one else he has presented Jewish life as it really is and illumined its picturesque comedies and tragedies with the light of all-embracing sympathy, not because he has penetrated the

very depth of Israel's soul and with all the faith and fervor of an inspired poet has pictured its inner dreams and outward realities, not because he has with the pen of a consummate artist painted the real failures and triumphs of his brethren, has lifted the curtain of doubt, prejudice, and superstition from over the chosen and despised people, "at once the meanest and greatest of races," and has shown all its sordidness and sublimity. Not all of these testimonials, in fact very few of them, were given him for his real qualities and deserts; but, as it seems to me, rather because he has universally been recognized as a man of great talent, of genius, has been accorded a high place in the world of letters, and as such, is another proof of the superiority of the race. He is a great credit to the nation, and so are the other noted Jewish writers. Is it strange? Is it strange that every Hebrew, who has not read his works, boasts of Spinoza? Well, is not every illiterate ignoramus of every nation convinced that Shakespeare was the greatest poet that ever lived? The very lips that bless the Jewish writers curse them. And those whom they had grievously outraged are highly proud of them. In the London Ghetto, said Zangwill, the admiration is sometimes unsavory. The bitter resentment is strangely coupled with strong admiration. And even as the wealthy and high-stationed German Jews object to the descriptions of their Russian, Polish, Roumanian, and Galician brethren; so would these denizens of the Ghetto resent presentations of cultured, corrupt, lax, loud, purse-proud, and powerful Germans as typical Jews, were they pictured as such.

Speaking before the Hebrew Institute of this city, while on a visit here, Mr. Zangwill told the following incident, which throws a side light on how queerly he is regarded in certain

characteristic Jewish quarters. He said: "I cannot help comparing your Educational Alliance with the People's Palace in London. That was the realization of the dream of Besant. The thought of Besant brings comfort to me. I was once lolling on the sands at Ramsgate, when I overheard two Jews discussing my works. They agreed that I was not clever in being able to write about Jews because I was one.

"Now there's Besant," they said, 'he writes about Jews and knows nothing about them. He is clever.'"

To turn to other utterances of Zangwill on the subject, in the "Children of the Ghetto," after Pinchas tells Reb Shemuel a number of sly and salient Jewish stories, the author remarks, "Jews are very fond of telling stories against themselves—for their sense of humor is too strong not to be aware of their own foibles—but they tell them with closed doors, and resent them from the outside. They chastise themselves because they love themselves, as members of the same family insult one another. The secret is that insiders understand the limitations of the criticism, which outsiders are apt to take in bulk."

"The Jewish public doesn't like the looking-glass," says Esther Anshell to Raphael Leon, when he asks her to write a story for his paper, and indeed in portions of the book dealing with the novel "Mordecai Josephs," written in secret by the idyllic Miss Anshell, under the pseudonym of Edward Armitage, Zangwill seems to have anticipated and, in a measure, summed up the situation between the Jewish novelist and his people, or, at least, some of them. Particularly has he given his "gentle hint" to the Jewish aristocracy, whom he has since so often denounced for their "ostrich policy" of trying to conceal "the other side" and to appear what they are not. Did he not, when he wrote the "Children," re-

member that he was discharged as teacher of a Hebrew school "for making fun of his people," because he wrote a little thing true to the life he had lived and known?

The real admirers and lovers of Israel Zangwill are those who appreciate the purpose and know the greatness of art, who believe with him, as he says in a note added to the Jewish-American edition of that wonderful work "Dreamers of the Ghetto," who believe with him that "The artist, as artist is of all parties and none; he is touched by the beauty, the pathos, the tragedy, the wonder of all creation. He must stand alone; for him union is weakness." And those who recognize "that because he is of no sect, his vision may be of help to all sects, his search for truth from his lonely watch-tower may haply reveal what both partisan and antagonist may miss." And happily those who believe and recognize these truths are to be found more and more in all classes and sects, and in the course of time all true artists will come to their own—perhaps even among their own people.

That I have not throughout this article spoken of the romantic, one-sided, eulogistic, and over-colored stories of Jewish life by Sacher-Masoch, Franzos, Kompert, Aguilar, Disraeli, Auerbach, Krasewsky, Orzeszko, Chechhoff, Harland, George Eliot, and many others, who, whether they belong to the race or not, knew too little and felt too much, were too deeply infatuated with their picturesque and quaint material, to paint life as it is—that I have not spoken of them was not due to oversight. The question was of Jewish novelists of the new school, who went straight to the heart of things, and, despite certain straining for effect and a strange love for pointing to the unique, as is the case with Mr. Zangwill, have entered every avenue of Jewish thought and feeling and have presented reality as it is, the best of it and the worst. In

so far as they know of them the Jews are flattered and pleased by these romantic writers—flattered because they praise, and pleased because they keep at a respectable distance from facts—but they were here out of discussion.

"The tragedy of the Jew is that he is unworthy of his tragedy." Such a sentiment, uttered no matter of which people, what patriots, or nationalists, would not be outraged by it? And some of the things here said and quoted will probably be called anti-Semitic. They are not anti-anything—excepting that they are anti-everything that is narrow, petty, and small. The tragedy of the whole human race is that it is unworthy of its tragedy. Resentment of the truth only proves the truth and the sadness of it. The trouble with humanity is that it is made up of human beings. We all live under the same roof of sky and do not know each other. Each one sees according to his light, and this is probably why we all walk in darkness. The whole world is a Ghetto, as degraded as it is divine. It is made up of different compartments, and its walls are built

of ignorance and prejudice, hatred and fear, and yet the builders are moved also by goodness and faith and love. No one is his brother's keeper; each one keeps away from his brother—particularly when he is weak and in want. No man knows how his neighbor lives, and each always wants to kill the other. And there is always misunderstanding. Always 'tis the Ghetto walls in the way. But makers of books are the destroyers of all evil. The world is growing better, even because humanity is made up of human beings. Let us move on. The walls are falling. Israel will come to its own. So will the other peoples, who have erred and sinned against Israel and themselves. Meanwhile, brothers, tell the truth and shame those who are ashamed of it. The truth is not always beautiful, but it is always beautiful to tell it. Each people is the grandest and meanest on earth, and all of them can gain in truth what they have lost in falsehood. Art has no higher aim than truth. Beauty is but a manifestation of it. Life must have it to save itself from death.

Waking the Red King

THE difference between materialist and idealist, in its ultimate analysis, is a difference in egoism. We all admit that when we stub our toe against a stone we have sensations of a stone and a toe; the quarrel of the philosophers is whether we dream the stone and the toe, or the stone and the toe really bruise our soul.

"So I wasn't dreaming, after all," Alice said to herself, after the battle of the Lion and the Unicorn, "unless—unless we're all part of the same dream. Only I do hope it's *my* dream, and not the Red King's. I don't like belonging to another person's dream," she went on in a rather complaining tone: "I've a great mind to go and wake him up and see what happens."

Herein is the kernel of the great question. If life is our dream and not somebody else's, why, we can worry along till waking time. If we fear it may be the Red King's, then let us rather believe that things are real. The idealists are the great egoists: they believe the dream is theirs, and contentment goeth therewith. Of the rest, some would rather trust to the stone and the toe; and some, alas! despairing, or daring all, go and wake the Red King.

KENNETH BROWN.

The Unknown Love

BY R. V. RISLEY

ONE wonders about the love of Dante and Beatrice. This is the truth of the matter.

It was a day in April that he first saw her. Heavy sulphur-colored flowers with deep hearts the color of dully-burnished copper, hung in festoons from the broad top of the wall that divided the garden of Dante from that of the father of Beatrice. Slim Lombardy poplars stood in grass-green spires against the ultramarine of the sky-line. The sun had sunk; but a haze of light held the dusk hushed and palpitating as the great heat of the day declined. Across the growing shadow a bat veered, flitting erratically like a gray leaf, blown in the wind.

Dante had dreamed, that day. All the long afternoon he had sat by the little stone table under the arbor, a roll of manuscripts before him, his long quill sagging from the ivory ink-well, a straw-laced jug at his side. The dark loaf had been pushed, with the slice of cheese on its fresh green leaf, from the table to the cindered-path at his feet—perhaps in some moment of exasperation when his revery had been sordidly riven by the level voice of his wife, or the strident wail of one of his children.

The woman—(she was a calm woman, full-breasted, placid, and proficient in consolation)—had been kneeling over the great rain-tub by the rear door all the afternoon, scrubbing the linen things of her family upon a board,

cross-grooved with smoothly gouged concavities. Hushed by her raised hand, the swarthy children had retreated in awe from their father, to huddle in momentary fearfulness in their mother's skirts.

Now the day was done and Dante sat dreaming in the enchanted stillness of the twilight.

His gaunt shoulders were hunched as he sat leaning on his elbows, his lean chin upon his doubled fists. His gray robe was belted about him with a thong of hide, tied in a careless knot; the moth-colored hood, pulled over his rough hair, shaded his face turned from the refracted radiance of the sun.

He rose and walked, his thin hands clasped behind him, to the flower-draped wall.

Leaning his arms upon it, he stood dreaming.

The light grew less; the shadows merged into shade; it was almost dark.

Then, walking very slowly, she came—Beatrice. From the door of her father's house, between the hedges of his garden, pure as a spirit, yet sensuous as a flower-nymph in the semi-obscurity, she came walking with unheard footsteps, tentatively, as one instinctively discreet but lost in an age-long, plaintive, and winsome wonder.

Her dress whispered silkily upon the grassy path behind her, and, in the yet faint starlight, her slim, strong shoulders were like carven gold—until the

moon rose over the black roofs to make her shadowed silver.

She walked a little while, and went through the bower of sleeping roses into her father's house.

For many days Dante followed her as she went to the mass or to confession. He would stand in the angle of some gray pillar, watching, unseen, his peaked hood hiding his face in darkness, the yellow glow from the altar candles wavering upon his gray-draped shoulders.

In the awful diapason of the organ—in those vast whispers that died in echoes of sighs among the rafters under the roof—perhaps some inspired prophecy came to him of that desolate greatness with which destiny would endow him—a sad immortality instead of a transient content.

He resolved to speak to her.

After you turned to the right, when you had left his house, you came, at the end of the descending street, to a bridge, with parapets. On either side there is a niche arched in stuccoed marble—on the left a figure of Christ upon the cross, on the right an antique slab carved with a form representing Bacchus squeezing from the grapes of memory the wine of forgetfulness.

Dante hesitated between these two—then crossed with a laugh to the niche of Bacchus—then (remembering Beatrice) sighed—and crossed to the niche of Christ.

She came demurely; behind her a serving-woman carried on a cushion of yellow velvet her purse and book of prayers.

He stood under the image of torture, stern as his dreams, sombre, prideful, infinitely piteous, besieging her mutely with eyes of passionate desolation.

Leaning forward, one of his hands unconsciously grasped the feet of the carven Christ that hung above his head. She did not see.

Smiling dreamily in a girl's reverie,

she glanced at the statue of Bacchus on the other side, and passed on.

The wife of Dante was a laborious woman, one most eminently unrequiring; she accepted and spent carefully what he gained by his polished, passionate, and desultory verse. His inherited income was, in conjunction with her hoarded dowry, barely enough to allow them to live fairly in the old house they inhabited, and to pay the scanty wage of the rough-haired girl who stewed and roasted their coarse dinners in the stone-paved kitchen.

The very lack of reason of complaint sometimes exasperated him. He was a sad man, one tormented with moods, sombre, grim, dark-minded, brooding, sinisterly taciturn.

This new love, destined to be the love of his life, this new love which he felt, yet barely realized, stirred in his soul those deeps of which shallower natures have no comprehension—depths whose terrifying profundity astounded and awed him.

Irately rebellious, his lonely and passionate heart, weary with unfillable dreams, clove to this divine manifestation of his unconsciously conceived ideal with a silent and terrible tensivity. His nature was that of a man predestinedly starved of joy—a soul created hungry for the impossible.

In certain hours, sitting aloof at the ancient, carven-stone table under the peach tree in his garden—the tree whose slender boughs dropped, silently, half rose, half flesh-colored petals upon the cracked old slab and on his paper. Sometimes in these hours he would catch the hint of some great ecstasy. It would seem to him that he rode for a time upon the ethereal altitude of some splendid and transient dream. His soul careered triumphantly above the tumbled summits of the clouds.

Then from the stone-floored kitchen would come the placid and contented

voice of his wife, singing some common and sentimental song of the people.

He was walking in his garden the next morning, pacing slowly, his hands clasped behind him, waiting in darkness for the sunrise. He could bear the bed no longer, and so he had risen, slipped his feet into their pointed, heelless slippers of yellow hide, having first pulled on his drab hose—shrugged his hooded cape about him, and gone forth into the peace of the dark and the silence, away from the house that imprisoned him.

Along the East, over the shadowy bulks of the city's huddled roofs, there came a thread of tawny gold—it grew, till, gradually, a ribbon of crimsoning sulphur stretched along the horizon and broadened to a blazing rift that burned the shadows with a wakening radiance till, from behind the spires of the cathedral, black against the dawn, the sun rose, lurid and burnished as a copper disk.

The morning-glories, the most sad and delicate of all flowers, opened their bluish-pink mouths to the day, and from the compact leafage of the Lombardy poplars with their dead tops came the still drowsy yet joyous twitter of half-waked, fluttering birds.

Dante knew her custom of walking in her father's garden in the dawn. He picked a morning-glory and, leaning on the wall, threw it on her path.

At last she came—carefully holding her gray skirts from the bending borders of dew-laden grass.

She saw the flower, took it, and, with a coquettish gesture—(for to beauty coquetry is too natural to need spectators)—tucked it in her hair, pushing aside the unruly waves of shimmering brown with a gesture half careful yet half petulant.

Then softly, very gently, that she might not wake her father or others who yet were sleeping, she raised her

young voice and sang, low, as if to herself, in the dawn.

Have you ever noticed that, through all of the work of Dante done after this period, there runs a sort of refrain—an incessant, hymn-like, plaintive singing that recurs time after time with an appealing and tragical insistence? Even in his most alien verse we find it—(for poetry must be listened to by the heart)—and in those portions of his work most sinister, bleak, and desolate.

It is the memory of the soft and forgotten hymn she sang that morning in the dawn.

A young man, bareheaded, his hastily laced doublet of red and yellow showing his strong, full throat, leaped from the flower-bowered wall that bounded the other side of the place.

The hymn that haunts Dante's verse was a signal to another man.

Beatrice and the gay Antonio (the latter being scolded gently for his dilatoriness) walked slowly along the shady paths.

Their love-making was as simple as the love-making of two children. He put his strong young arm around her lithe waist, and she rested her hand on his opposite shoulder. A great curling hat shaded her face; her bodice of moth-gray was slashed with puffs of milky white; against his debonair red and yellow, she looked the half-unworldly being that Dante's memory made her.

Suddenly, awakening from the daze of his hopelessness, Dante was conscious of his cheap, yellow hide buskins, of the ash-colored cloak, which surrounded his body like a pall, of the long, unkempt strands of his hair, which hung from under his hooded cape—hair already gray.

Where he had picked so carefully the flower an hour before, he crushed the struggling vines in his gaunt hand, tearing the blossoms savagely from their stems.

If he could force, by some occult power, some of their dawn-life into himself! He noticed that they were already closing.

Now the sun was high, and through a veil of wavering mist, it shone palely like a pallid fire. From the streets came the sleepy cries of vendors of vegetables and of hot bread-loaves from the baking-shop—the shrill call of the onion-sellers, toned by the staccato, but more contralto, chorus of the flower-girls ridden in on their braying donkeys, before light, from the country. Over all clacked the hollow and woody clatter of clumsy clogs upon the cobblestoned street, where the thrifty neighbors were industriously dashing away the refuse of last night's dinner with pails of filthy water dipped from the trickling gutters that wore the sagged stones of the corners.

He watched her give to Antonio the flower from her hair; he watched, after the youth had again vaulted the wall, her pensive passage to her own door. Then his wife's gentle, common voice broke on his ear calling him to join his family at the breakfast she had dutifully prepared.

As he sat silent over his platter of boiled onions, fried black-bread, and watercress, with the babbling voices of his children about him, while that infinitely patient woman who was his wife, with skilful unobtrusiveness induced him to eat—as he sat thus, like a child tended while unseeing, gradually the realization of the awful and deadening sordidness of his life—that feeling which had, unconsciously, been growing in him during these days—came hideously, overmasteringly; sickening him of his food, disgusting him with every creature or thing, animate or inanimate, about him. His very soul turned, nauseated at the prophecy of the future.

He rose and went out under the sagging doorway, down the alley, into

the streets. His wife looked after him admiringly.

When he had reached the corner of the street where it turned into the main way, he stopped. His tormented conscience reproached him, for he suffered a certain, terrible, and insistent sense of pity under the austereness of his implacability.

He was bitterly sorry for the woman he had married—ininitely tender over her heart-break—these heart-breaks which she would have been the first to laugh at and the last to understand if any one had mentioned them to her. With the grasping mind-force of the man of imagination, he both comprehended other souls different from himself and endowed them with the dreams and emotions they might have had, had he been they.

“My God”—he said to himself—“My God! if only she—if only—”

He shrugged his shoulders and went on. He had dismissed his wife from his thoughts. One cannot dream of a fact.

It was one month later when there took place the marriage of Beatrice and the gay Antonio. The cathedral was decorated with the roses of the Spring; they swung in dimly pink festoons from the gray carvings which projected from the cornices under the shadows of the roof; their seductiveness and memorial perfume drifted from the great gold chalices placed upon the steps of the altar; their fragrance was blown faintly, upon the night wind, from where they were thrown in heaped perfume upon the wide inner sills of the opened casements.

From the vast windows of the roof of the dome there fell a weird blue light, cold, yet tenderly delicate—a steady, unwavering illumination, vulgarizing the yellow-gleaming and flickering candles.

At last, in a sort of awe, the officiat-

ing priests put out all the other lights save those utterly necessary to the service, and left the great pillars to the nakedness of the moonlight alone.

Very beautiful she was, as she came slowly—very slowly, indeed, almost a little fearfully, up the great and silent path of bowed and gazing people. She was all in white—in token of her virginity—not one touch of color showed upon her—and, when she knelt at the altar steps, a sudden, swift spear of that terrible, coldly-white moonlight touched her bowed head for a moment and was gone. Then, from under the hollow roof, came the vast breath of the huge organ; the enormous diapason of its sombre and desolate tones fell, in incessant and multitudinous echoes, over the people as they sank to their knees.

There come times in a man's life (he imagines, and swears to the lady, that they came only once; but, if he lives enough lives, he knows that they come many times) when he is, by his emotions, equally deterred and attracted—when he is alternately cold and in fury—when in the case of a bad woman, which is not this, he is, at the same time, adorational and contemptuous.

What turmoil worked in the drear spirit of Dante as he bore this hour? What hellish tumult of imaginary images, terrific and tremendous, tilted in the lists of his mind in the infernal and divine joust of devils and gods? What uncouth phantasms jibed his human sorrow from the caves of his grim imaginings?

It was washing-day again, and his wife sang shrilly, out of key, as she bent over the water and spread the garments of linen upon the moonlit grass; she was tired.

At last the wedding procession returned to the house of the father of Beatrice. Dante stood leaning on the

wall. The children were long ago asleep and his wife had lonesomely gone to her rest.

From far away, up in the square by the cathedral, came faintly sounding the jingling thump of softly-struck tambourines—then the heartless gayety of youthful voices rose in a wild and scattered dissonance—to be hushed in a moment by the trained concord of the tumultuous basses.

The wedding procession was coming. Now the barking of dogs mingled with the uproar, mixed with the shrill cries of awakened children.

Lining her father's house along the street for the whole length of the garden-wall stood welcoming serving-men with torches of blue and red and yellow fires, flinging their flaming, colored brands high into the white moonlight, madly acclaiming the bride.

Over the garden that Dante knew so well swung ropes of lights, tangled with heavy-scented flowers, till the open space below was luminous. The wavering light cast its enchantment upon the passing figures and faces—those of the men seeming additionally fierce in this artificial day; those of the women flower-like in their piquancy, yet touched with some portentous hint of sensuality.

Upon a balcony three musicians played, in the debonair abandon of the age, piccolo, flute, and oboe.

The grotesques, the jugglers, clowns and mimes tumbled through the crowd with discordant cries. Falling, leaping from head to head, tumbling, waddling, dancing—they made their incongruous circuit.

A clown, fantastically robed in red and yellow, threw a hastily-grabbed closed morning-glory toward the face that looked over the wall.

In Dante's heart there grew a slow rage—an inexpressible abhorrence of all this gayety. The dams of his nature broke and a flood of fury tore

through the reveries of his soul. A hideous exasperation against the mirths and festivals of life (that austere asceticism, which we find in his later works, mingled with the unconsciously gorgeous splendor of his sensuous and luxurious imagination)—a horrible spectre of unappeasable grief was conceived in the womb of his mind. The shadows of all the darkness of the after years fell upon him in prophetic twilight—at that moment, the moon was blotted out by a cloud, leaving the moving figures of the revelry dimly crimsoned in the light of the red, swinging lanterns.

Then came the bride, retreating before her a great troop of flower-crowned damsels laughing and playing softly upon resonant and pensive instruments shaped like guitars, but having longer stems and only three strings.

Dante's imaginative memory and his almost religious idealization have left the image of Beatrice to us as one almost of an angel—serene in impregnable chastity, with eyes downcast, slow-stepping, timid. It was not so. Beatrice was piquant. No sedate spirit would have captivated a nature so sad as was his.

She was gorgeously robed in cloth-of-silver, the great train held by six laughing girls, her bodice cut square over her full breast, slashed at the sides

in triangular slashes, through which protruded filmy, silky puffs of burnt orange; the sleeves were gathered by black ribbons at two places between the elbow and the shoulder and at two places between the elbow and the wrist, falling over the hands in pearl-embroidered points. Her loosely-braided hair was thrown in one rough braid over her right shoulder; around its shadowy mass a drooping chain of pearls hung pallid in the light of the torches.

Her eyes were sombrely passionate with dreams. She walked with a certain new, shy dignity, looking straight before her.

Her husband met her at the end of the garden, at the turn of the broad path. The horns flared a turbulent and penetrating cry.

She took his hand and thus they went, followed by the dancers, the mimes, the revellers and guests, the girls and gallants, the grotesques and clowns, back through her father's house on their way to that of Antonio, while the weary and silent-footed attendants put out the lanterns and quenched the remnants of the torches in leather buckets of cinder-covered water.

In the dawn, when it was light enough, Dante bent over his parchments, where he still sat at the old stone table in the garden—and wrote—and wrote—and wrote.

Dr. Watson's Revenge

Later in the evening, as we were smoking a cigarette between the acts, I remarked:

"By the way, it is now inevitable that you shall go on the stage again."

"How do you deduce that?" asked Holmes in horrified surprise.

"They tried you on a dog and you were eminently successful," I replied joyously, glad to have him at a disadvantage for once.

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES. Page 249 (?).

The Pastime of Book-Collecting

BY TEMPLE SCOTT

THE years come and go, and the shows of each pass with the coming and going of the years; but the collector of books always remains. He may not be to-day the same individual he was yesterday, but his office is the same; he may not indulge in the same tastes, but his purpose is the same; his desires may change, but his ambitions abide, and he is to-day what he has been for centuries—a striking example of the influence of a passion that is guided by knowledge, controlled by wisdom, and exercised to the injury of none, but rather to the greater joy and, therefore, completer life of many. For, let us, who are fortunate enough to find in memory, reminiscences of early days spent in browsing in our fathers' libraries, acknowledge the gift, and pay respect to the taste, that have given in after life a sweet flavor to our quietude and a gracious charm to an evening's devotion to books. The library was the *salon* in which we were introduced to the elect, and ever after we are not *gaaches* in their society; we meet them always as old friends, and their company adds dignity, temper, vivacity, and delight to the social life.

It is not given to all to be possessed of those qualities which go to form the book-collector *par excellence*; that individual like the best in any walk in life is a specially gifted mortal. But it is given to not a few to become novitiates of the order, so to speak, and

once self-elected, because of the impulse which moved him, there is hope for him. That impulse is his password for admission, and on himself alone depends how worthy a member he prove to be. For, be he what he may apart from his distinguished and redeeming vocation, the book-collector as such is absolved from the sins of commission and omission to which other men, less happily afflicted, so to speak, are daily prone. The pursuit of his object, in proportion as that pursuit is also his pleasure, isolates him in regions where petty considerations of time and place are the least of distractions, and to that extent he is removed from the common temptations to which his merely dollar-seeking fellows are continually falling victims. He lives in a world all his own, and his dreams find it ever a land flowing with milk and honey, as he views it from the Pisgah height of his unexperienced desires.

But, alas, even then also he is human. The ills to which flesh is heir he carries with him into this world of new desires. The spirit of the book-collector may not travel abroad disembodied, else would there be good ground for believing that here, at any rate, an ideal existence might be made a fact. Unfortunately, however, that spirit has to deal with booksellers, and auctioneers, and also with brother collectors, and these are oft-times very strenuously embodied. Hence the tears in this secluded vale also; and the

waysides of a possible Elysium are strewn with unsightly and earthly objects—the mangled remains from an auction-room battle; the discarded telegrams speaking of messages sent too late; the torn catalogues that tell of lost opportunities; the evil disorder resulting from a jealous frenzy at a rival collector's victories. After all one world is very like another, and the Promised Land is ever on the horizon.

Enough has been written on these "Happy Isles" to give them a shelf apart in the great library of "travelers' tales." And yet, the last word is still to be said if the enterprise of our voyage to them is to be one for gain only. The insistence of the profit-bearing aspect of the venture imports into it an element that is not only unworthy, but is the cause of much disappointment and chagrin. If we can find no delight in the voyage itself, we had better far stay at home whittling sticks by the ingle-nook. The spirit of the book-collector is akin to the spirit of the rambler—he who jogs along the country lanes and highways and takes pleasure and delight in just what happens to be there—who is content with a loaf and a scrap of cheese if nothing better be forthcoming, and counts the food delicious—who sleeps as soundly on a hard settle as he would on a bed of down—and who counts it well to have lived the day as it came to him. It is not as merchantman that the book-collector should embark, but rather as a seeker after such treasures as, when transplanted into his own home, shall make of it a fruitful and delight-giving witness of endeavors fulfilled, and a perennial source of charm in abiding companionship. The dangers from commercialism are very near. Indeed, these are already obtruding themselves unpleasantly when we find the book-speculator directing his professional energies in the very sanctuaries of the bibliophile. There are

collectors and collectors, but the individual whose sole aim is to collect books for profit's sake should find no place in this gallery. The creature who lies low waiting "for a rise" is not a book-lover; he is a ghoul. Unfortunately, publishers have been truckling to a fashion by which he could profit, and though the fashion is by no means passed away, the craze for faked-up limited editions is fast dying, and with its actual death, will the ghoul pass away also. Some species of him, however, will always be with us; let us attempt to teach him, doomed as he is to the speculator's hell, of what it is he misses—the quick and absorbing joy of an inspiring pastime.

By all means, let the book-collector be a man of business; let him understand values and the relations of values; let him have all the instincts which possess and impel the shrewd man of affairs; let him be gifted with the insight of a seer into future markets. These qualities are very necessary to him in the successful pursuit of his self-appointed task. Since book-selling is a business, book-buying should meet it armed with business knowledge and business courtesy, but only in so far as the business of buying ministers to a pleasurable satisfaction. The book-buyer must never forget that his is the pursuit of pleasure, the enjoyment of a private and captivating play; and if victories be his, let him see to it that the victories are those which are achieved by wider knowledge and sounder wisdom, and not from sheer bargain-driving or the indiscriminate and brutal overbearance of wealth ready to gorge on anything that is costly. For it is not always that the costly gives most pleasure, and happily, it is not frequent that the bargain-driver is encouraged with success. The driver of bargains is the black sheep of the fold, blacker in respects other than as to his skin, and he has no business there. He

brings into the field an element that is not pastoral, and for which the piping of flutes has no charms. He is doomed to make of the pastime but a new anxiety, and the apples of Hesperides will be Dead Sea fruit to his palate. He has his own pleasures, of course. There are natures that delight in beating down a tradesman; but for such souls there is, surely, a special circle. Bargain with your bookseller, if you will, but for the sake of all sacred tradition, don't call this book-collecting. By the ghosts of De Bury and the glorious succession to McKee, we "had rather be a dog and bay the moon than such a Roman." No! if the book be what you want, and the price within your means, and what your knowledge tells you is reasonable, pay the price and murmur not. Rather congratulate yourself on your luck in getting it. If you can't afford it, leave it alone, and live in anxious hope that you may some day possess it—that also is part of your pastime. If you think the book too dear, pass it by with *au revoir*. Your bookseller will learn to know you, and (for he is but a bookseller, after all) if he has tried to extract from you more than the market value (trading on your ignorance, it may be), your quiet refusal will teach him manners. In a certain sense no price is too high for true possession; but then how many of us appreciate the significance of true possession? Not the man of wealth, surely. He can acquire just what he wants, and one thing is the same as another. He is unfortunate, but he deserves blame also. Bitten with the craze for collecting books, he sends forth commissions to buy at any price, with the result that a new competition has arisen in which only the plutocrats can take part, and the values of rare books have risen to proportions absolutely ridiculous. Hundreds of dollars rule now where once tens sufficed, and the acquisition of even a small col-

lection, to the man of limited means, becomes the labor of a life-time. Yet, better ten books with true possession, than thousands gathered by means of agency commissions all the world over. Perhaps because of his poverty has this extra gift been laid at the poor man's door. The man of wealth rarely knows it. He has not lived the anxious days, passing and repassing the shop to see if his beloved treasure be still on the shelf, waiting for the day when he shall come and claim it. It was his when he first found it reposing in its garment of dust; it is there only by his magnanimity, and a fine condescension which waives a right out of a consideration for the petty matter of a few dollars! What libraries has he not thus acquired in his peregrinations! What unselfishness has he not displayed in resigning his claim on them! What pangs (pious pangs) has he not suffered when his discovered treasures have been seized by the power of wealth to remain buried to the world in the palaces of the mighty! But his time comes, nevertheless. Who shall deny him his chuckles as he views them again (even though clad in samite and polished Levant) in the auctioneer's room, waiting for a redistribution and maybe for a rediscovery by himself, with another and a gasping "maybe," that the next discovery shall find him dragging home the treasure, e'en though the brown suit shall go threadbare. "Do you remember the brown suit," said Bridget to Lamb, "which you made to hang upon you, till your friends cried shame upon you, it grew so threadbare—and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher, which you dragged home late at night from Barker's in Covent Garden? Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase, and had not come to a determination till it was near ten o'clock of the Saturday night, when we set off

from Islington, fearing you should be too late—and when the old bookseller, with some grumbling opened his shop, and by the twinkling taper (for he was setting bed-wards), lighted out the relic from his dusty treasures—and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome—and when you presented it to me—and when we were exploring the perfectness of it (*collating* you called it)—and while I was repairing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left till daybreak—was there no pleasure in being a poor man?”

Here we have the reward of that virtue which practices the quiet patience of the anxious and yet determined lover. Every treasure so acquired is embalmed in the precious aroma of hallowed recollection, and the library is profoundly more than a collection of books—it is the sanctuary in which reposes our once living selves and their deeper aspirations—it is our genuine biography—the true confessions of an inquiring spirit.

So much for the spirit of the pursuit. Its method is another matter entirely. Here we enter the regions of practical details, and here the anxious novice must study rules and regulations and principles. Different countries, like other times, have different and other fashions, depending on the changing conditions of life which prevail. The collecting of books is as much subject to the causes that underlie the process we call “progress,” as are the rest of human activities; and the special subjects the book-collector desires may vary with the variations in our dress and even in our manner of speech.

Book-collecting, however, has two limiting forces playing on it, and these, by confining it within defined limits, enable us the more easily to attain to a just appreciation of its scope and

aims. In the first place, it is of respectable antiquity, so that we have handed down to us a body of experience that is both helpful and influencing. This experience acts in the nature of precedent. In the second place it is confined to books. Bearing these in mind, we can evolve a principle of guidance, no matter how fickle or variable may be the particular books that demand satisfaction under that principle.

The collection of books is essentially the pastime of the antiquarian, the seeker after origins. It is also the means by which that passion may be satisfied which craves for the possession of that which is uncommon, rare, and around which are associated the unwritten story of men and manners. The pastime of the antiquarian, thus influenced by a human sentiment, arouses a devotion, the whole meaning of which would be laid bare to our eyes could we but see a collector carrying home an early quarto of a play of Shakespeare's, for which he paid, shall we say, eighteen pence? All the gods of the Pantheon would be accompanying that man to his palace on the fourth story back in his Bloomsbury estate. And there actually do exist really good people who could see nothing in this!

Nor is it fair to conclude that this is the devotion of a bargain hunter. To many people the 1653 “Walton's Angler” would be dear at a dime, just as children might play with pearls on the seashore. Surely, then, it would be affecting in a pure sense did we find that Walton for the dime! Who would then be so callous as to be unmoved to a chuckle? The truth is that the delight comes in finding *within* one's means what we knew to be *beyond* our means. That is the book lover's hope, and for that he searches and researches, and fills himself with bibliographical lore which to others is repelling dryasdust-ery.

(To be continued)

The Literary Guillotine

I.

The People Against Richard Harding Davis

UNLESS this unseemly demonstration ceases once for all," said Mark Twain, rising and glaring out over the crowded room, "I will order the court cleared and have the trial conducted behind closed doors. Besides," he added, sinking into his accustomed drawl, "this is not a young ladies' commencement, despite appearances." Then, turning to the nearest policeman, he said: "Officer, bring in the prisoner."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the policeman in nautical fashion, and he walked rapidly to the door of the adjoining room, opened it, and beckoned to the invisible occupant. The next moment a large, military figure encased in a very short jacket and a very high collar, appeared in the doorway, paused for an instant like the king of beasts on entering the arena, and then walked rapidly and with disdainful air to the prisoners' pen, facing the jury benches.

"Ah!" went up in chorus from all the women present; "isn't he like his own Van Bibber!"

Richard Harding Davis stood before us.

It was the first sitting of the Literary Emergency Court, which had been created by the legislature in response to the demands of a long-suffering and outraged public for the trial and punishment of literary offenders, and the excitement was tremendous. In view of

the large female following of the first prisoner on the list for trial, extraordinary police precautions had been taken; nevertheless, that very morning an attempt had been made to deliver him from jail, which had very nearly proved successful. Seventy-five uniformed servants of the law were now distributed throughout the court-room ready to suppress an outbreak.

In virtue of the powers vested in him by the legislature, the Governor had appointed Mark Twain, Oliver Herford, and myself justices of the court, with extraordinary powers, and Charles Battell Loomis prosecuting officer to act for the attorney-general. I had hesitated to accept the appointment, fearing lest no one would take us seriously in view of the reputation of my associates and of the prosecutor; but Herford had finally pointed out to me the very material consideration that unless I consented to serve I would infallibly be seized and brought to trial and condemned to the guillotine as one of the most flagrant offenders. This put a new face on the matter.

"It's your one chance of immunity, old man," he had said in discussing the matter with me; "any one who has written such rotten stuff as you can't afford to take chances. Now with me it's different——"

I looked at him in amazement. Did he really believe what he was saying, or was he merely talking for effect?

The seriousness of his expression, however, argued belief in his own words, astounding as this may seem.

This had been two weeks previously, and the interval of time we had spent in waiting for the order to begin our sittings and in issuing warrants of arrest. At one of our preliminary meetings we had drawn up a list of the worst offenders, most of whom happened luckily to be in New York; and now at the opening of the court we had the satisfaction of knowing that twenty-five of the most notorious delinquents were safe behind prison bars, beyond the reach of pen and ink.

There had been stormy scenes between my associates and myself, as neither Mark Twain nor Herford would consent to the including of many of those whom I felt that we could not conscientiously omit; our oath of office pledged us to summon before us "all writers and scribblers and their aiders and abettors whom (in our opinion) literature would be better off without." Under the circumstances naturally I wished to include the majority of metropolitan editors and publishers, but to this my colleagues would not hear.

"Why, I publish with his firm!" exclaimed Mark Twain, when the name of a notoriously guilty publisher was mentioned. "I could never consent to his execution."

Similarly, when the name of one of the most flagrant editors in the city was brought forward, Herford begged for his life on the ground that the magazine of the editor in question took a great deal of his inferior stuff which he could sell nowhere else.

"Why, I thought it was the other magazines that took your inferior stuff, Herford," innocently remarked Loomis, who was unofficially present at the meeting.

The outcome of the matter was that we compromised on the names of a few editors who were also writers and whose

offences were so flagitious that there could be no doubt the jury would find them guilty, and thus enable us to send them to the guillotine. From that bourne they could return no manuscripts, so Mark Twain and Herford felt safe.

I was by no means satisfied, but better half a loaf than nothing. Besides, had we not Davis, and was he not worth many editors?

As this young Napoleon of literature now stood before us and as I gazed on his mobile and open countenance and firmly set jaw, it was hard to believe that he could be guilty of all the crimes to which I had seen his name attached. Could this noble youth really have written "Soldiers of Fortune"? The voice of Loomis, however, recalled me to a sense of the situation.

"May it please the court," he was saying, "your honors have now before you one of the most incorrigible offenders of modern literature; indeed, I may say, one of the worst literary criminals of all times. I feel it my duty, therefore, before empanelling the jury and calling the witnesses, to warn the court of the character of the prisoner, of his ineradicable tendency to promulgate articles, stories, and novels of the most pernicious nature, despite their apparent innocuousness. Be not deceived! Their harmlessness is specious. He is corrupting the youth of this country. Even as——"

"Mr. Loomis! Mr. Loomis!" cried Mark Twain severely, "you are forgetting yourself! Nothing you can say against the prisoner from a purely literary standpoint can be too severe, but your comparison is at fault. In all of his stuff that I have unfortunately been compelled to read as presiding officer of this court, I have in vain looked for a line which could bring the blush of shame to the cheek of innocence, which could cause the young person to ask embarrassing ques-

tions of her elders. To be sure, Mr. Davis holds peculiar ideas on the education of maidens,—for whom, I believe, he writes exclusively.”

“May it please the court,” said Loomis at the conclusion of this reprimand, “with all due respect to your honor, I must nevertheless maintain that your honor is mistaken as to the moral influence of the writings of the accused. At the appropriate moment I intend to show that he has made use of several words in his writings improper for the eyes of maidens, as, for instance, ‘concupiscence’ and ‘propinquity.’ And now, if it please the court, we will proceed with the trial. Prisoner at the bar, do you wish to hear the indictment read?”

“Most assuredly,” replied Davis, who had elected to act as his own counsel.

Thereupon the clerk of the court read in a loud voice the short, but portentous document wherein the people of the County of New York, through their special grand jury, charged Richard Harding Davis with commission of *lèse majesté* against the cause of letters, which crime, it was alleged, had been committed at various and sundry times within the said county through the publication of books and magazine stories and articles directly tending to debase literature.

As was to be expected, Davis entered the plea of “not guilty” to the charge, and the empanelling of the jury was then begun. It was, of course, quite irregular for more than one judge to sit in a trial by jury, but this anomaly was the outcome of the peculiar nature of the cases before the court.

But little time was wasted in securing twelve good men and true for the trial of the case, as of the forty-two men examined only one confessed, blushing, to having prejudiced his judgment by reading a story by the accused.

“So you have read one of my stories, have you?” said Davis, with a smile of assurance. “Which one was it?”

“‘The King’s Jackal.’”

“Well, now, in view of that fact, I would ask you if you believe in capital punishment?”

“Most emphatically!”

“Peremptorily challenged,” announced the defence.

“Confound it!” muttered the rejected jurymen, as he stepped down from the bench.

The only other case worthy of mention among those thus challenged was that of a professional weight-lifter, to whom this question was put by Davis:

“Do you believe that a man can embrace a girl with one arm, hold a mob in check with the other, and set in motion with both feet simultaneously two boulders to crush a revolutionary army at the foot of the mountain?”

“Not unless the lady in question is strong enough to hold him up off the ground while he does it,” was the reply.

This, of course, disqualified him in the eyes of the accused.

The jury, when finally secured, was made up as follows: one plumber, two cab-drivers, two shop-keepers, one contractor, one machinist, one ex-army officer, two clerks, one life-insurance agent, and one capitalist.

Vigorous protest was made by Davis against the make-up of the jury, on the ground that with two exceptions they were “in trade,” and that he was entitled to be tried by his peers. But as he had exhausted his challenges, he was forced to accept them, willy-nilly. The trial proper then began.

The first witness called was Bridget Flynn, and she proved to be a large, stout Irish woman who said she took in washing. Her testimony was rather long and rambling, but the gist of it was that since her daughter, Mary Ann, had taken to reading the prisoner’s

books she spent all her time studying the peerage and talking about "dooks" and lords and ladies and practising up what she was going to say to the Prince of "Whales" when she met him.

"And her ingagemint with Pat Nolan, the Broadway policeman, she broke off," declared the witness, under stress of emotion, "because he was only six feet four, instid of seven foot tall and hadn't played on the college football team or even so much as eloped with a princess. 'Ma,' she says to me only yisterday, 'I shall niver marry,' she says; 'I've found me ideal only in the literature of Mr. Davis. He give me me standards, and nothin' in loife, I find, comes up to their shoulders. I'm doomed to celibrity.' Oh, me poor chile! And the sassy way she talks to her father, too, it would coddle your blood. 'You're a vandal,' she says to him, 'you care nothin' for literature. I belave you'd ate bacon on Shakespeare's birthday.' Oh, me pore chile, me pore chile!"

Mrs. Flynn's grief was touching, and the effect of her testimony upon her hearers was evident.

"Do you wish to cross-examine her, Mr. Davis?" asked Mark Twain, with a break in his voice, when she had so far recovered herself as only to snifle.

"No," said the prisoner, shaking his head. Evidently he saw that the sooner Mrs. Flynn got out of the jury's sight the better for him. Even the women present were affected.

The next witness was the President of the Young Ladies' Select Boarding-Schools Association of America. Her testimony against the prisoner was to the effect that since his advent in the literary world the gas bills of the various institutions in the association had increased in alarming degree, and that this had been traced directly to the reading of his books after hours.

"If this continues," said the witness tragically, "the boarding-schools

throughout the country will have to close their doors; we cannot stand the expense."

"Now, Mrs. McClacken," said Davis, taking the witness in hand at the close of her direct testimony, "I should like to ask you one or two questions. Have you ever read any of my stories?"

"I'm not quite certain," was the hesitating reply; "are you the author of 'Davies' Legendre'?"

"Madam," said Davis, severely, "I am grieved that you should suggest such a thing; in my writings I carefully avoid all mention of sex or gender. Besides, the book of which you speak happens to be a text-book of geometry, not a work of fiction. My writings deal with life, not, to be sure, as it is, but as I conceive it should be presented to the minds of maidens through those glorious channels of purity—the magazines of the country. But I am wandering from the question. You admit that you have never read any of my books, yet you come here and testify against me. Does that strike you as fair?"

"I have nothing against you, Mr. Davies," replied the President of the Young Ladies' Select Boarding-Schools Association of America; "you seem to be a nice gentlemanly young man—but the gas bills, what am I to do about them?"

"Send them to me, madam, and I will pay them," was the magniloquent reply, and there was a suppressed flutter of applause. "I have finished with the witness," he announced, turning to the court, and he resumed his seat and fixed his eyes on the upper left-hand corner of the cornice.

Certainly he understood the value of the theatrical moment: by this brilliant stroke he had regained in the minds of his female admirers all the ground which the testimony of Mrs. Flynn had cost him—"send me the

bills and I will pay them!" It was magnificent.

In the meantime the witness had beckoned Loomis to her side, and there had ensued an earnest whispered conversation between them. Returning to his place, Loomis announced that the President of the Boarding-Schools Association desired to withdraw her testimony.

"But for what reason?" asked Mark Twain, in astonishment.

"May it please the court, she says that after having met Mr. Davis she no longer blames the girls for sitting up to read his books; she intends to do it herself."

"This is nonsense," cried Mark Twain, sternly; "testimony cannot be withdrawn. Proceed with the trial, Mr. Loomis."

"You may retire, madam," said the prosecuting attorney, addressing the witness.

"May I not remain in the room, Mr. Lawyer? Oh, I should so love to do so!"

"Yes; I see no objection if you can find a place."

This difficulty, however, was easily overcome, as room was immediately made for her between two fashionably dressed girls on the front bench. As she seated herself one of her neighbors silently slipped a book into her hand. From where I sat I could read the title—"Princess Aline."

"Now, may it please the court," said Loomis, when quiet had been restored, "although there are still a number of witnesses waiting to be called, I have decided to dispense with their testimony—at least for the present. They are unfortunately women, and I find in this case women are not to be relied on. If your honors please, therefore, I will place the prisoner himself on the stand without further delay. That is, if he is willing to testify."

"Certainly I will go on the stand,"

said Davis, and in obedience to the direction of a court officer he stepped up into the little witness-box. Despite his jaunty, confident manner, I detected a furtive, frightened look in his eyes as he glanced at the court and at Loomis's melancholy countenance. Could it be that the possibility of conviction had at last come home to him?

"Now, Mr. Davis," said Loomis, addressing the prisoner, "I hold in my hand a book which is called 'Soldiers of Fortune,' and which purports to come from your pen. Did you write it unaided and of your own free will?"

"Did I write it of my own free will? — Of course I did!" was the indignant reply. "Who else do you think could have written it?"

"Nobody, Mr. Davis, nobody. I know of no one capable of it but you, unless it be Laura Jean Libby. Still, even she hasn't your touch."

"Thank you," said the accused, inclining his head.

"Don't mention it," replied Loomis, bowing in return. "I simply wanted, you see, Mr. Davis, to have your admitted authorship of the book as part of the record, since 'Soldiers of Fortune' is one of the principal counts against you. Now, I would like to ask you one or two questions; perhaps there may be mitigating circumstances attending this crime of which we are ignorant."

"I appeal to the protection of the court," cried the prisoner, turning to the presiding judge, "against the practice of the prosecution to speak of 'Soldiers of Fortune' as a crime."

"Prayer denied," said Mark Twain, without an instant's hesitation. "Proceed with the examination."

"Well," continued Loomis, "I shall take but little of the court's time by going more deeply into 'Soldiers of Fortune.' Indeed, it has occurred to me that perhaps the simplest and quickest way might be to have the book read

aloud privately to the members of the jury, so that they can form——"

"With your honor's permission," cried the foreman, springing to his feet, "as spokesman of this jury I must vigorously protest against this injustice. We are peaceful, inoffensive citizens, who are sacrificing our time and interests to the state, yet here it is proposed to force us to listen to 'Soldiers of Fortune.' We throw ourselves upon the mercy of the court to protect us against this cruel and unusual punishment."

The man sat down amid the suppressed applause of all the men in the room and protesting hisses from a number of the women.

"Order in the court!"

"What do you think about this point?" asked Mark Twain, leaning over and addressing me in a whisper.

"I agree with the foreman," I said; "we have no right to put men to the torture. Have you ever read the book yourself?"

A half smile flitted across his face.

"I read the first chapter," he said, "and the next morning my valet had appendicitis."

"Ask Herford what he thinks," I suggested.

"We once had a horse in our family," said Herford, irrelevantly, in reply to Mark Twain's question, "and the doctor said it was necessary to knock him in the head to end his sufferings. We did it, and the horse jumped up well. Which goes to show that you can't tell what effect the book might have on these men."

Having received our advice, Mark Twain delivered the ruling of the court.

"In view of the appeal of the foreman," he said, "and of the fact that one of the jurymen has heart disease, we have decided not to compel the jury to hear the book."

A deep sigh of relief went up from

the twelve unfortunates at the narrowness of their escape.

"May it, then, please the court," continued Loomis, "we will rest content with the prisoner's admitted authorship of 'Soldiers of Fortune,' and proceed to the next count. Mr. Davis, how many stories have you written?"

"I couldn't say—a hundred, perhaps."

"And you received pay for them?"

"Why, of course; you don't think I write for nothing, do you?"

"No, but I hardly expected you so easily to admit having obtained money under false pretences. However, I shan't press that point. Now, I have here a collection of stories purporting to be by you, called 'Van Bibber and Others,' and I will open it at random—thus. Ah, I see I have turned to 'A Recruit at Christmas.' You wrote that, did you not?"

"Yes, but that was years ago. It isn't fair to hold a man responsible for the indiscretion of his youth."

"That is true, Mr. Davis, but unfortunately I am forced to remind you that the statute of limitations does not apply to crimes punishable by death. To return, therefore, to the story under consideration. Did you ever enlist in the navy?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ever witness an enlistment?"

"No, sir, but——"

"One moment, now, don't interrupt; you'll have plenty of chance to defend yourself later on. No doubt you were going to say that some one had told you about an enlistment. Well, unfortunately he told you wrong. In the first place, enlistments are not taken at Christmas or on holidays; and in the second place, they are not conducted as you have described. The enlisting-officer has nothing to do with the physical examination, which is made by a doctor of the service in his private

bureau, and the applicant is made to take off every stitch of clothing for the ordeal. Now, why didn't you find out about the *modus operandi* and describe it as it really is?"

"Oh, Mr. Loomis," cried Davis, blushing, "how can you ask me such a thing? Do you think I would have a naked man in one of my stories?"

"Ah!" came approvingly from all sides, the voice of the President of the Young Ladies' Boarding-Schools Association sounding above all others. Glowing looks of approval were cast on this courageous protagonist of purity. Unfortunately for the dignity of the occasion, one of the jurors burst out laughing and nearly rolled off the bench in his merriment.

"Order in the court!"

"Excuse me," cried that member of the jury who had been an officer in the United States Army, "but may I ask a question?"

"Certainly," said Mark Twain.

"Is this prisoner the man who wrote 'Ranson's Folly'?"

"Yes; why do you ask?"

"Well, I read it the other day, but I'd forgotten the name of the author. I just wanted to be sure that I was looking at the man who made an officer hold up a stage with a pair of shears and then be let off without trial, just because some other fellow confessed to having committed another hold-up. I tell you, it takes a genius to write about something you don't know anything about, and make a non-commissioned officer address his superior as 'the lieutenant.' It made me feel homesick for the old life which he describes so brilliantly, and I sent the book out to my old mess at Fort Leavenworth. This is the telegram I got back from them a week later: 'Ask the author of "Ranson's Folly" where the mischief he learned it all.'"

For a moment there was silence in the room.

"I would beg the gentleman who has just spoken," at last said Davis, "to bear one fact in mind: that portion of society for which I write are practically all studying, with the help of a dictionary, 'L'Abbé Constantin,' and in that the soldiers always address their superiors as *monsieur le lieutenant* or *mon lieutenant*. Moreover, I could not allow Ranson to be court-martialed, as it would have made the story too long and would have displeased many of my readers; they do not like a hero to be placed in embarrassing positions. I feel that I have answered the strictures of my critic fully and satisfactorily. I leave the decision with the public and with—posterity."

Certainly if the women present were the public meant by the prisoner there could be no doubt that his explanation was eminently satisfactory. Despite the frequent warnings, little bursts of applause were heard on all sides, and not until the court-officers had repeatedly thundered "Order in the court!" was quiet at length restored. Mark Twain was evidently on the point of ordering the room cleared, and only the promptness of Loomis in resuming the examination of the prisoner prevented him.

"Now, Mr. Davis," said Loomis slowly, impressively, "before this interruption occurred you indignantly repudiated the suggestion that you should have caused one of your heroes to undress in public. I am sorry to be compelled to state that in many of your stories you are guilty of much more serious offences than this. You pose as a moralist, but I hereby charge you with promulgating literature of the most pernicious character. I will tear the mask from your face. Officer, hand me that book."

The excitement in the room was now intense; men and women leaned forward in their seats, breathlessly awaiting the next move. Even Mark Twain had

straightened up and had fixed his eyes on the prosecuting attorney. For a moment there was silence, as Loomis took the book from the policeman and held it in his hand.

"Did you write this, Mr. Davis?" he asked at length, "'A Year from a Reporter's Note-book'?"

"Yes," replied the prisoner.

"Well, I turn to page 264, and read this description of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee: 'Churches built huge structures over their grave-yards that towered almost to the steeples, and theatres, hotels, restaurants, and shops of every description were so covered with scaffoldings that it was impossible to distinguish a bookstore from a public house.' Mr. Davis, I will ask you only one question regarding this passage: Why did you want to distinguish a bookstore from a public house? Can you tell me?"

"Well, well, I don't—know—" began the accused, stammering, "one naturally notices such things, don't you know?"

"I see," said Loomis, "but you should have remembered for whom you were writing. By that passage you may have started some tender youth upon the downward path, or have caused a gentle maid to withdraw her name from the W. C. T. U. Did you think of that?"

Davis paused before replying.

"I solemnly declare," he said at last, "that when I wrote those words I did not realize their insidious malignity. Far rather would I have struck my hand from my wrist. It is not fair, however, to condemn a man for a single fault unwittingly committed. I defy the prosecution to point to another improper paragraph in all my writings."

"You do? Well, now, Mr. Davis, I have here 'Princess Aline.' You acknowledge having written that book, I suppose?"

"Certainly, there is not a single word to be ashamed of in it."

"You think so. On page 8, however, I find this statement put into the mouth of your hero—unfortunately I am compelled to read it aloud despite the presence of ladies—'I am very conscientious, and I consider it my duty to go so far with every woman I meet as to be able to learn whether she is or is not the one, and the sad result is that I am like a man who follows the hounds but is never in at the death.' Have you anything to say to that, Mr. Davis?"

The prisoner shook his head.

"Nothing," he said feebly, "except that I regret it deeply. The recollection of that passage has kept me awake many a night. Ah, if you but knew how I have tried to forget it!"

The silence in the room was deathlike until Loomis continued:

"This is a painful subject, and I willingly abandon it. Before doing so, however, I must call attention to one other impropriety of which the accused has been guilty. On page 57 of 'Ranson's Folly' you cause an infinitive to do the double split in most barefaced manner, at the same time that you make a young lady, so far as I can understand the sentence, attempt to strike a gentleman below the belt. Here is the sentence: 'Her only reply was to at once start for his quarters with his breakfast in a basket.' Think of the effect of this upon the school-girls throughout the country! But enough of this subject. It is too painful to be pursued further. You may step down, Mr. Davis.

"May it please the court, I have now finished with the prisoner, as I do not consider it necessary to waste further time on a case which is really so unimportant. Enough has been shown, I feel sure, to convince this intelligent jury that he merits no consideration at their hands. He has shown none for

us, for he has published over ten books, one of which is 'Soldiers of Fortune.' Think of it! I feel certain, therefore, that the members of this jury will do their duty and bring in the only verdict possible in view of the testimony, that, namely, of *lèse majesté* to the cause of letters."

Thereupon Loomis resumed his seat. Not a sound was to be heard. Even the women in the room were speechless. To think that their idol should have had feet of clay all the time! Suddenly a sob came from the President of the Young Ladies' Select Boarding-Schools Association of America, then another followed in the rear of the room, and in a few moments half the room was in tears. But the eyes of men were dry and hard, and the faces of the jury were stern and set—at their hands no leniency was to be expected.

"Prisoner at the bar," said Mark Twain, when the sobbing had somewhat subsided, "have you anything to say in your own defence before I charge the jury?"

Davis started. I had read his thoughts: he had been dreaming of the happy, innocent days of youth while he was still a special student at the Johns Hopkins University, before he had taken to writing. No man, I believe, ever sinks so low that he is incapable of remorse.

"Your honor," he said in a low voice, "I shall not make a speech, although I intended so to do up to within a very short time. Since I entered this room a change has taken place in me; my eyes have been opened to the real wrong I have done to the cause of letters. Let the law take its course, I shall not murmur. I only say, I am sorry for the past. Perhaps, however, my fate will serve to warn future writers for young girls of the dangers of the path. Had I it to do over again—But no, who can tell? Perhaps I should do the same."

I confess, as I listened to this frank confession, pity for the man rose in my breast, despite my better judgment. But then came thoughts of "Soldiers of Fortune" and of the girls' boarding-schools throughout the country, and my heart hardened. No punishment was too severe for this man.

"Mr. Loomis," said Mark Twain to the prosecuting attorney, "it is your privilege to close."

"I waive that right, sir."

"Gentlemen of the jury," Mark Twain then said in impressive manner, "you have heard the evidence in this case; it is for you to decide on it. Is this man guilty or not guilty as charged? You have only to pass on questions of fact, we will apply the law to your findings. You will now retire until you have reached a verdict. Conduct the jurymen to their room."

"With your honor's permission," said the foreman, rising, "I would beg for a moment's delay."

"Very well, sir."

Thereupon the foreman leaned over and began to whisper with his associates. This continued for, perhaps, half a minute, when he arose again.

"It will not be necessary for us to retire," he announced.

"Have you reached a verdict, gentlemen of the jury?" asked the clerk of the court.

"We have," replied the foreman.

"Prisoner, look upon the jury; jury, look upon the prisoner. Do you find this prisoner guilty or not guilty of the charges in the indictment?"

"Guilty," announced the foreman in a loud voice.

For a moment it looked as though Davis were about to fall, but he recovered himself and braced his shoulders for the ordeal still to follow.

"Prisoner," said Mark Twain impressively, "you have heard the verdict. Have you aught to say why sentence should not be passed on you?"

Davis shook his head, unable to speak. Mark Twain turned to me and I nodded, and Herford did likewise in answer to his mute question. Mark Twain then delivered the sentence of the court as follows:

"Richard Harding Davis, after a fair and just trial at the hands of your peers, you have been found guilty of the worst crime which a writer can commit, that, namely, of *lèse majesté* against the cause of letters. It is, therefore, the decision of this court that you be led from this room and confined by yourself with a set of Balzac's works accessible to hand, so that you may be given a chance to see how a *man* writes, and that between sunrise and sunset one week from to-day you be taken to the place of execution, and there in the presence of the proper officials and witnesses, your literary head be struck from your shoulders. Remove the prisoner."

The nearest policeman stepped to

Davis's side and touched him on the shoulder. With a start, he turned and looked at the man.

"Come with me."

Silently he obeyed, and with bowed head, as though in a dream, he followed his guardian toward the door from which a short hour previously he had issued so defiantly. On all sides sobs were heard, but no motion to rescue the condemned man was made, as we had feared might be the case: his exposure had been too complete for the vestige of a doubt as to his true literary character to remain even in the mind of the President of the Young Ladies' Select Boarding-Schools Association of America. The tears were for a fallen idol. As he disappeared through the door Herford leaned over and said:

"There's only one trouble about carrying out that sentence: how the deuce are you going to chop off the literary head of a man who hasn't one?"

Magda

BY HENRY COPLEY GREENE

WHENCE, whence the inspiration of her soul
 Whose passion penetrates the frozen deep
 Where torment guards the Promethean few that keep
 Troth with their souls though iron thunders roll
 Damnation over them? God of the whole
 Wild mystery, whence, ah, whence these fires that creep
 Languorously gay from pain to pain, then leap
 Quivering aloft in flames of plangent dole?
 Not from the God of fettered schism and sect
 This strength of wondrous living torn from sin;
 Not from the God of icy priests this warm
 Motherhood-glory wistful yet erect:
 Nay, but from Thee, thou God of battle-din
 And passion and of starlight in the storm.

The Current American Drama: Conditions and Prospects

AMERICANS may "point with pride" to American essayists, novelists, poets, and historians, who have become classics; but the drama in this country is a thing of recent growth. As if to make up for lost time, many American authors are now writing plays; many plays by these authors are being staged; and the questions are inevitably suggested: What does this American drama amount to? What are its characteristics and prospects? What its promising and unpromising symptoms? Under what favorable or unfavorable conditions is it wrought?

When the first of these questions is raised before the average well-informed and well-educated American he will generally answer, particularly if he be a man of literary or artistic training, that "the American drama is just about as bad as it can be." This, for instance, is the opinion of Mr. Frank Norris, who, in his own cosmic and continental fashion, is something of a dramatist himself, and his verdict is a pointed illustration of the existing breach between the people who write for the stage or perform upon it and the people of critical pretensions, who talk or write about it. To the latter criticism of the drama is an easy anticipation of the Day of Judgment, while in the eyes of the former this wholesale and emphatic denial of salvation to American plays is merely self-sufficient intellectual priggishness.

The breach is wide, and the man who attempts to bridge it will have a

hard time. Yet if it cannot be bridged, the disinterested American critic will scarcely have the face to hang out his sign. A drama that is "just about as bad as it can be" scarcely deserves criticism. Violent and sweeping denunciation after the manner of Isaiah would be very much more to the purpose. Such denunciation is, indeed, criticism of a kind. When thrown out from a fountain of apparent inspiration it may provoke men to repent of their sins and hunger after personal or national salvation; but our playwrights are proud of their sins, and our criticism is not a fountain of inspiration, real or apparent. Dramatic criticism has not obtained, and has not deserved to obtain, a position of any great authority; it is not qualified to exercise the formative influence upon the drama that French and German criticism has exercised. For the present its two most important tasks are those of encouraging what is best in the contemporary drama, and of popularizing sound and fruitful ideas about the theatre. It must derive much of its value, that is, from the value of the material upon which it acts, and if that material is as "bad as it can be" the American critic will have small chance of being any more useful than he should be.

The American drama, however, is by no means "as bad as it can be." There really are a few good American plays. There are a good many more that are not so good, and there are two or three

hundred that are not good at all. But to discriminate between the good and the not so good, and to know how high a value to place upon the good, one must understand the conditions, fortunate and unfortunate, under which American playwrights labor. In the work of laying the foundation of a local drama they are confronted by an exaggerated form of the difficulty which hampers all American artists and men of letters—the twofold difficulty of finding some adequate and original expression of the formless material of American life without any abrupt and violent departure from the traditional European models, methods, and social ideals. The difficulty is all the more serious because the great natural and instinctive American interests—industry, politics, and education—possess such high vitality and thorough organization that they encroach upon other regions of activity. Industrial, political, and educational ideas exercise a constant pressure upon art and letters to be merely commercial, merely popular, or merely instructive, and artists and men of letters frequently qualify the single-mindedness of their work in the effort to resist this pressure. American life offers, perhaps, the richest and most highly contrasted material of any existing society; but both by its lack of consistency and by its failure to encourage disinterested and devoted intellectual work it deprives the artist of the power of using it. The art and literature most closely in touch with it gain vitality at the expense of form; the art and literature that touch with it, and live by independent technical standards, gain form at the expense of momentum and persuasiveness.

This situation has had a different issue in different branches of intellectual and artistic work. Painters, for instance, have to a large extent gone their own way. They can afford to select their own standards, their ma-

terial, and their clientele. Let one man buy a picture; let a few experts approve it, and the picture has justified its existence. If when carried through the streets it were followed by admiring crowds of people it might well be a greater picture, but that fate is not likely to befall any canvas whose ultimate destination is an art gallery. The point is that good and warrantable painting may proceed from, and be destined for, a group of men who, in its relation to the rest of the community, is only a clique; and while the popular basis and appreciation of American painting are constantly broadening it undoubtedly pays for its technical independence and rectitude by the narrowness of its interests and support. American literature, whereby we mean fiction, is necessarily a more popular form of art, and is reaching to constantly broader and finer, if not deeper, expression of the material of American life; but books, also, may be sufficiently justified when their subject-matter and style narrowly restrict their possible purchasers. If only a few hundred people buy a book the publisher is (almost) reimbursed, and the author *may* feel that he has produced an impression not out of proportion to the economic and intellectual expenditure involved. Thus in painting, fiction, and the like, the professional standards can be maintained by forced methods until the good times come of less voluntary and more inevitable American artistic expression.

The playwrights, on the other hand, are obliged to face more rigid economic and practical conditions. The drama differs from poetry and fiction in something the same way that architecture differs from painting and sculpture. A bold man with a pen and a pad of paper may write a play, just as an architect may draw a very pretty perspective which will win a prize in a competition; but to write a play that will act, to

mount it tastefully and effectively, to secure the proper cast, and to train it so that the performance shall possess the full value of the play—all that is a constructive work comparable, in the amount of subordinate art and information it demands, to the actual building of a house. The heavy intellectual and material expenditure calls, in the natural economy of life, for a corresponding return—a return which can be secured only when a building fully satisfies a business need, or a play awakens a popular response, and so pays its way. The drama, that is, unless it is nothing more than a subsidized and artificial product, must delight and move large numbers of people. It must be more broadly based in popular favor than any other form of art. While a certain amount of intelligent subsidizing may be beneficial, very little good can come from the systematic adaptation of the drama to selected audiences. Such an audience is only a clique; its applause has no contagious power. Indeed, it can almost be said that a drama which is not popular is not dramatic, for the drama makes a peculiarly direct and poignant appeal to common human feeling. It has the supreme advantage over the other literary arts of being spectacular; it has the supreme advantage over the other sensuous arts of being active; and if in spite of these advantages it leaves any but a carefully selected audience indifferent, it would be like some vast cathedral in which none but a few priests should worship.

American playwrights consequently could not possibly take an independent line of their own, as the painters have done. They were tied down by business conditions imposed by real or supposed popular likes and dislikes. The independent line taken by American artists, and, to a certain extent, by men of letters, was in some measure to substitute French models and technical methods for the English ones, which their prede-

cessors liked. But such a substitution was out of the question in the case of the drama. The custom of going to England for most of our stage material has been a necessary characteristic of American theatrical management. English plays possessed the great advantage of having been already tested, and consequently the American manager could leave to the English public the work of weeding out the drama that was popularly insolvent. This was, and is, so great an advantage from the manager's point of view that American playwrights would still be much less numerous than they are, were it not for the fact that there have never been enough acceptable English plays to go round. The theatre-going people are probably more than twice as numerous in this country as they are in England, and there are needed to amuse them probably twice as many plays. Thus an American drama has become a commercial necessity, but it must be an American drama which conforms to the traditions which the Americans have taken over from the English stage. Of course, from the start, some French and German plays had been translated or adapted for American audiences; but the process of adaptation was generally equivalent to a process more or less completely Anglicizing, and it only confirmed the rule of the English tradition on the American stage.

In truth, however, American playwrights have never had any desire to be innovators. They have rarely been people of literary training, who have brought to their work new ideas and high standards. They have been for the most part men commercially interested in the stage, who came to write plays as a part, or as a consequence, of their professional occupation. They are like painters and men of letters in that they are, to a large extent, a special class, who do not mix much with people in other occupations, and whose ideas

are restricted by their surroundings. They simply accept the existing traditions and conditions of the American stage. As a rule their work is frankly and even carelessly imitative. They find their ideas and material wherever they can—sometimes in the manager's office, sometimes in foreign plays, still oftener in story and history books. Whatever they see or are told is needed, they are ready to write with facility and without scruple—adaptations, dramatizations, melodramas, farces, or character sketches. Serious drama or high comedy they rarely, if ever, attempt. Being professionals and under the influence of managers, they are always trying to make their plays "go," because of some reason apart from intrinsic merit—such, for instance, as the popularity of the novel from which it is taken, or its peculiar adaptability to the powers and limitations of a certain star. Their ideas are generally conventional and theatrical; their technical methods crude and rule-of-thumb; their plays particularly lacking in taste, logic, and in the structural qualities; and at the end of the season the effect of it all is downright depressing. Nevertheless, we repeat, the situation is far from being "as bad as it can be." There are some comparatively good American plays, and it is out of this chaos of theatrical vulgarity and mediocrity that they have issued.

A specification of these good American plays and an analysis of their strength and weakness would carry us beyond our present limits. We must content ourselves with the assertion that the work of the leading American playwrights—Augustus Thomas, William Gillette, the late James A. Herne, and Clyde Fitch—contains some meritorious and promising qualities. That of Mr. Augustus Thomas, for instance, possesses both virility and charm, and fails chiefly because of a

certain artlessness of method and conventionality of material; that of Mr. William Gillette is extraordinarily workmanlike, competent, and at times almost imaginative in a theatrical sort of way; that of the late James A. Herne so original and humanly veracious that it might have been great had it possessed a deeper logic and a more organic structure; and that of Mr. Clyde Fitch, although still chiefly a display of dramatic millinery, at least shows an increasing tendency towards simplicity and sincerity. Moreover, besides the older playwrights, there are a number of younger men who are now getting their plays produced, and whose work displays both intelligence and good taste.

The salient fact about this current American drama is that it is the perfectly natural product of business and professional conditions. From the start it has been confined by every conceivable trade restriction. It has been written for a public that cares nothing for literary excellence, and to whom the theatre is merely a diversion. It has been written by men who rarely have any literary training and are utterly indifferent to literary tradition. It has been staged by men whose sole purpose was to make it pay. Yet although it has never been leavened by fertile ideas or encouraged by much critical appreciation, still it is at its best a promising and interesting achievement well worth the intelligent consideration of intelligent men. Doubtless it is still an "infant industry," with more promise than performance to its credit, but it is an infant which has not been hatched in an incubator. It is a significant fact that we Americans keep all our subsidies for our manufacturers and merchants. So far we have insisted that American literature and drama shall not be plants of tender growth. In a sense we do not want them even to be cultivated plants; they must be allowed

to grow only as weeds are allowed to grow, wherever the wind drops a seed along the common road.

There is much in this condition of things which naturally and properly irritates intelligent playgoers; but in what other way could an American drama originate? Doubtless it would have been much better to have had from the start plays that possessed both a literary and a philosophic value; but who was there to write them? American men of letters have never until recently been much interested in the theatre. The writers of the New England Renaissance were poets, essayists, and novelists; but owing to a survival of the Puritan tradition they entirely ignored the theatre. Poe turned his hand to most literary forms, but not to the drama. Whitman would have been as incapable of conceiving and writing a play as he would a mediæval historical novel. The drama has cut no figure in the intellectual life of the country. Moreover, even if Lowell or Longfellow had been seriously interested in the theatre the plays that they would have written could never have reached the stage. At best they would have been literary dramas, like those of Browning and Tennyson, which might have received an occasional performance and would unquestionably have had a place in American literature, but which would have had no more effect upon the real American drama than has had *Hia-watha*; for the drama of a country consists of plays that are played enough to produce an effect. Plays that are not played are like guns that are not fired, or ships that are not sailed; and the gun that is fired only once, or the ship that is towed from dock to dock, are either museum material or merely waste. The American drama had to start in plays that could be played.

The kind of plays which have been able to reach the stage have varied widely in different countries at different

periods, and a consideration of these differences may help us to understand how, eventually, a very different class of plays may reach the American stage. In England, for instance, the Elizabethan drama was essentially a popular drama, written for stage performance rather than publication, and enjoyed by all classes of society. There is no knowing what the issue might have been had not the Puritan eruption broken the continuity of English dramatic development and dealt the English theatre a blow from which it has never completely recovered. Since then the English theatre has always occupied a position of somewhat doubtful propriety. True, it was patronized by the dissolute society of the Restoration, and, to a smaller extent, by the Whig aristocracy of the eighteenth century; and consequently many of the best English poets and men of letters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries wrote for the stage. But the attempts to imitate the French or revive the Elizabethan drama were both failures. A comedy alternating between satire and sentiment was the only legitimate outcome of those hundred and fifty years of aristocratic patronage. During the larger part of the Victorian epoch conditions were even worse. The greater English poets wrote dramas, but not for the theatre. The essayists and critics were interested in plays rather as literature than as stage-craft. The inevitable result was a very demoralizing separation between the English intellectual conscience and the stage, which, left to itself, became corrupted by professional conventions that were wanting in initiative, common sense, ideas, and good taste. Of late years a manifest improvement has taken place; but the English drama is still suffering from an unfortunate tradition. It see-saws almost as much as ever between an utterly detestable sentimentalism and a brilliant but hard and

unpleasing reaction against it—almost as objectionable as the tradition itself.

The modern French and German dramas had tamer beginnings, but more continuous developments. The French and Germans are more hospitable to ideas of alien origin than are the English. Their drama grew up during periods of literary self-consciousness, and was almost from its origin modified by critical ideas and literary standards. French tragedy was informed by Aristotelian precepts and Greek examples. The Germans imitated at different times the French, the English, and the Greeks. These infusions of alien ideas diminished the popularity and vitality of the earlier drama (French comedy excepted); but it has served to make the theatre of those two countries an integral part of their higher intellectual life. French and German playwrights have been for the most part men of letters and culture, steeped in a national tradition, which was kept alive at the subsidized theatres, and willing so far as possible to perpetuate that tradition by adapting its spirit to contemporary needs and conditions. They were brought up on the drama without being brought up on the stage, and they could express themselves easily and pertinently in dramatic form. It follows that the modern French and German plays, whatever their limitations, are a much fuller and deeper dramatized expression of contemporary French and German life than are those of England. Their theatre, instead of being dominated by a narrow professionalism, obtains the benefit of the best thinking in dramatic form of which the French and Germans are capable.

We have dwelt upon the position of the drama in other countries because it throws light upon the direction in which we must look for an improvement in American conditions. The American theatre has suffered from the same causes which has enfeebled that of Eng-

land. It has been the product of unrestrained professional and commercial conditions. The better intellectual life of the community was looking in other directions, and practically disregarded the theatre. No social machinery was in existence, which helped to make dramatic material out of the best ideas and experience characteristic of American life. The one American play which long kept the stage and was a big success, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," dealt with the human aspects of a political problem. The traditions of the theatre were both alien and decadent, and, at their best, resulted in an occasional revival on the part of some good actor of a Shakespearian play or a "legitimate" repertoire including "Ingomar." Of late years these conditions have been altering, partly due to the increased vitality of the English stage; but if the improvement is to continue, a more complete break must be made with the English sentimental, commercial, and professional traditions. The American theatre must adopt, we do not say French and German practices, but it must borrow a great deal from French and German methods and standards. It must, above all, find some method of reconciling a proper and necessary professionalism, and an inevitable dependence upon a broad popular approval, with a wider intellectual outlook and a greater power of self-criticism and self-improvement.

The present position of the American drama is one of dangerous instability. Should the worse influences prevail, conditions might become such that we would rejoice in the clever mechanics of David Belasco in order to obtain relief from the stupid mechanics of Edward Rose. Should the better influences prevail, we might be in a fair way at the end of twenty years to owning an American drama which would reflect the deeper issues of American life as well as its superficial aspects. Whether

the worse or the better influences prevail will depend much more upon our actors and playwrights than upon the syndicate of managers, but it will depend most of all upon the movement and progress of ideas in American society.

What we need are higher and more generally recognized intellectual standards, and a freer movement of serious and fruitful ideas among all classes of intellectual men. The professionalism of the playwrights and actors is only one instance of a specialism which pervades all kinds of literary, artistic, scientific, political, and even industrial work; and the theatre will never be emancipated from the limitations of an almost exclusively professional and commercial outlook until the better playwrights and actors are swept along by such a current of constructive ideas and serious purposes. In that case many good things would happen. Actors, when they wanted to "acquire merit," would seek it by other means than Shakespearian revivals or the production of a German drama. Playwrights could find an abundance of subjects without confessing poverty by the present devices of wholesale adaptation and imitation. Intelligent men generally would take a much livelier interest in the theatre. And last, but not least, the critics, who, under present conditions, tend to become either parasites or voices crying in the wilderness, would be in a position to exercise a more formative influence. For this current of new ideas would necessarily be both more critical and more constructive than those which now prevail—more critical, because higher intellectual standards would mean the reduction of a mass of intellectual and sentimental rubbish, and more constructive because sound ideas inevitably possess more

momentum and fertility than unsound ones.

American authors need to bring to bear, not only on the writing of plays but upon the writing of books, the result of a little hard-headed, resolute, and enterprising reflection upon American life. At the present time the drama cannot be a consistent and powerful expression of its deeper issues, because American thought has not dared or cared to face the facts. In the first place the facts themselves are extremely diverse and casual, so that any attempt to generalize them is apt to be very partial and fragmentary; but, what is more important, no serious attempts to generalize them are being made. We go on repeating the political, social, and moral formulas, which have come down to us from the Revolutionary period, without trying either to make them consistent with each other or with our present practice; and we remain the most inexperienced of peoples, not because American individual and national experience is not rich, and fine and strong, but because Americans have not as yet stopped to understand what they are feeling and doing. Our drama, as has already been observed, but not our drama alone, reflects this easy-going and superficial estimate of American experience and ideals; and it will not be radically improved until American thought keeps abreast or ahead of American practice. But when that time comes the American drama should be the most adequate expression of the American social democracy, because the quickness, the vividness, the decisiveness, and the very publicity, so characteristic of the American mind at its best, all tend to make the drama its most perfect literary embodiment.

On the Slope of Parnassus

BY WILLIAM FREDERICK DIX

UPON the southern slope of Parnassus, in a vine-hung garden watered by laughing fountains, a Philosopher was wont to wander and meditate upon the meanings of things.

One morning he seated himself before a deserted shrine to Dionysus, leaning against a fragment of embellished marble, and, gazing over the gleaming blue of the Corinthian Sea, he addressed it as follows:

"The tendency of the Universe is progress toward perfection. I, as an individual, am a fraction of that Universe. In so far as I fail to conform with that tendency—either positively by retarding or going against it, or negatively by failing to grasp every opportunity to advance—I retard that portion of it which I, myself, am. Therefore, I retard the whole. This is Cosmologic Evil."

During this discourse a Rosy Youth had strayed toward the shrine and was exploring with eager pleasure its ivy-touched recesses. Oblivious of so insignificant a presence, the Philosopher drew a stylus from his girdle and wrote as follows upon a tablet:

"Perfect pleasure—the highest—is not only perfect sensation, but the intellectual appreciation of that sensation. Perfect pleasure and perfect knowledge preclude the possibility of evil, either relative or absolute."

The Rosy Youth having culled with satisfaction a few wild blackberries, now consumed them with relish and deftly

wove the thorny stems into the sandals of the Philosopher, so that, when he should depart, he would be reminded of Cosmologic Evil.

"We now come to Theorem Two," continued the Philosopher, moving his toes with vague uneasiness and addressing himself to his audience—the Corinthian Sea. The Youth offered him some berries, but he waved him aside.

"Sentient beings have the possibility of pleasure and happiness on the one hand, and of suffering and unhappiness on the other. The latter constitutes Psychologic Evil."

But the Youth retorted:

"Then I will eat the berries."

The Philosopher withdrew his regard from the distant sea and thus addressed his new companion:

"When a sentient being consciously causes Psychologic Evil—or fails to lessen it where possible—or where he wilfully and consciously fails to conform with the tendency to progression toward perfection, he creates Ethical Evil."

"See, oh, Philosopher!" cried the Youth. "Thou art sitting upon a swallow's nest and have crushed two eggs. The mother-bird is scolding thee from yonder bush. Poor little mother-bird"—and a quick tear shone in his eye—"here is thy nest; I will place it for thee safe from harm in this tree. There may yet be a goodly brood from the eggs remaining."

The Philosopher contracted his brow

as he observed the stain upon his robe, and said:

"This, however, is not Ethical Evil. Ethical Evil differs from Cosmologic Evil; viz. in ethical progression there are three stages: First, a negative condition—namely, a failure to recognize Cosmologic and Psychologic Evil as such: in this condition we may or may not cause it. Second, a recognition and a causing of it. Third, a recognition and avoidance of it. In the present case——"

The Rosy Youth, during this discourse, had wandered toward a myrtle grove and fallen in with a young maiden gathering asphodel. Back across the meadow they came, leaping joyously the rills and caprioling among the acanthus bushes. The youth showed her the swallow's nest, now safe from harm, and discovered to her the delights of the sculptured shrine. Finally he kissed her with shy tenderness, there on the southern slope of Parnassus, behind the shrine to Dionysus.

The Philosopher was busily writing upon a tablet the three psychologic stages in the evolution of the universe: First, a negative condition caused by a lack of sentiency; second, the presence

and growth of Psychologic Evil, concomitant with ditto of sentiency; and third, the possibility of perfect happiness in which all evil will be eliminated.

The maiden had used his enscriptured tablet, fallen at his feet, to make more secure the swallow's nest, and the mother-bird was singing rapturously in the sunshine.

"Oh, Philosopher!" said the Youth, "it is the hour of the midday repast, and thou art lean."

The Philosopher had made an end to his writing, and replied:

"I do not partake of the midday repast; there is that within me—a mere base, physical element—which would lustily cry out against it. I remain here, fasting, to take up next the corresponding and correlating theorems of Cosmologic, Psychologic, and Ethical Good. The steeds of Phæbus Apollo have yet many parasangs to journey."

The Rosy Youth and the maiden regarded him silently for a moment and then moved slowly away, hand in hand.

"This afternoon," said the maiden, "let us go to the temples and pray to all the gods that we shall never grow wise."

The Star to the Watcher

BY JOHN B. TABB

FAREWELL! I may not meet thee till the day
Hath passed away:
But in the bosom of the noon-tide sea,
I'll dream of thee.

Alike are we the votaries of Night:
A voice hath said,
"Let there, for other worshippers, be light;
For lovers, shade."

Letter from London

LONDON, *September 20, 1902.*

AT last we can breathe again! The war and the coronation are over and gone, the charged atmosphere of anxiety is clearing and giving place to a cooler air, and the voice of the turtle is once more heard in the land. Publishers are bustling and hustling and smiling expectantly as to the harvest to be reaped in the autumn. Printing-offices in England and Scotland have been very busy all the summer, while paper-makers and binders are rubbing hands as they note the swelling of their clients' accounts. Authors also are not wanting in expressions of anticipatory joy; they are looking forward to royalties' day and, no doubt, are fervently and pertinaciously inditing suggestions for the best advertising methods. We are expecting such an output as will mark the notch high in the publishing statistics of the country, and this in spite of the fact that a couple of houses have sought the sheltering wings of the receiver. Every publisher to whom one speaks, anticipates great events; though, if you ask on what their hopes are based, you are met with titles and names of authors that cause you to receive the news with a very large dose of scepticism. At the same time, you are confidentially informed of the inevitable "dark horse" that is going to spread-eagle the whole field. Certain it is, however, that the output of books will be phenomenally large—especially in the class of fiction. One publishing

firm alone is already advertising for sale nearly two dozen novels, and all of them by well-known writers—Marie Corelli being of the number, a first edition of 130,000 copies of her "Temporal Power" barely sufficing for the demand. In spite of the fact that the book-stores and stalls are simply packed with six-penny reprints, the head of the large London jobbing-house affirms that the six-shilling novel will hold its own, "broad based upon the people's will." If that be so, Messrs. Methuen & Co. may reasonably assure themselves of a successful season, and the head of the house add another wing to his château. What a pity Mr. Hall Caine is not in it at this psychological moment! Surely a lack of foresight this, most unusual in our modern prophet! Is Jove nodding?

But novels are coming from all sides—from Paternoster Row as well as from Covent Garden and Leicester Square. The buyers at Mudie's and Smith's will want an extra vacation before Christmas, and the Tabard Inn man, who is soon to threaten the invasion of the druggists' shops of the City, Westminster, Holborn, Paddington, Kilburn, and Islington, will have his hands pretty full. It would be a waste of space and time to give you the names of all these fiction writers, since your publishers in New York have, no doubt, made arrangements for the publication there of most of their works. Their agents, I know, have been busy here all summer.

Mr. Stephen Phillips has finished his "David and Bathsheba," and it will be in the hands of readers some time in November. We are informed that this play is to "form a picture whose conception is as bold as its execution is masterly." Let that suffice for the present.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has quite lost his heart to America. He finds London tame and insipid after New York, and longs for the bright skies and genial society of the "little old town." He is due in your city next month, when he proposes to issue a literary magazine of a special kind, to be written by himself and a few friends. At present he is devoting his best energies to a poetical paraphrase of the poems of Hafiz, for which he will act as his own publisher. The book is to be very elegantly produced in a limited edition, at a high price.

Sir Walter Armstrong, the head of the National Gallery of Ireland, and author of the sumptuous biographies of great artists issued by Mr. William Heinemann, is finishing his great work on Turner to be published from the same house. The book will include some splendid reproductions of the best pictures of the famous landscape painter. From all reports this should be the ablest production so far accomplished, both by author and publisher.

Another art book of importance is announced by Messrs. George Bell & Sons, on the work of Walter Crane. The text has been written by W. P. G. Konody, the editor of the new art magazine, "The Connoisseur." It is, however, from the point of view of the book-maker that this work is likely to be most interesting, since it will include nearly two hundred illustrations of Crane's finest achievements as painter, designer, and illustrator. Many of these are to be in color, and all of them have been chosen for the purpose of exhibiting Crane not only as painter, but as crafts-

man, socialist, teacher, and author. I understand that The Macmillan Company, in New York, are the American publishers. Mr. Crane has a large following on the continent, especially in Holland and Germany; so much so, that his works, "The Bases of Design," and "Line and Form," have been translated into German for the use of students.

The poet laureate is taking a well-earned rest after his many mountaineering scrambles on Parnassus; but he will, all the same, be in the rush this season, though with a prose work this time. His "Haunts of Ancient Peace" is promised by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. to be fully illustrated by the clever artist, Mr. E. H. New.

The same publishers are to follow up the great success obtained by their Green's "Illustrated History of the English People," with an "Illustrated History of English Literature." This will be written by Dr. Richard Garnett and Dr. Edmund Gosse—to give them both their just titles. Although primarily written for popular reading, the four octavo volumes in which it is to be issued will contain much scholarly information and research. Dr. Garnett is responsible for that portion of the history from the Old English period to the age of Shakespeare, while Dr. Gosse will continue the story down to the present time. In the matter of illustrations there will be no lack—portraits, views, caricatures, autographs, title-pages, are to be given wherever these will assist the reader to a proper appreciation of the text. Indeed, if the work fulfill but half of what is promised, and I have no doubt it will realize all, it should prove a valuable and even indispensable addition to any library. But let Dr. Gosse keep in mind the "Quarterly" reviewer.

The new and admirable edition of "Swift's Prose Works," which Messrs. Bell & Sons have been issuing in their

"Bohn's Library," is rapidly approaching completion. Two more volumes are promised this autumn—one dealing with the historical writings, and the other with the famous "Drapier's Letters."

Father Sheehan, whose very humorous account of "My New Curate" has had such a phenomenal success both here and in the United States, has just published a new book. This time the good father was besieged by publishers. What a difference a success makes!

The Temple Classics are still multiplying. In addition to Goldsmith's Essays, to be edited by Mr. Austin Dobson, the series will receive a twelve-volume accession in a Fielding, for which Professor Saintsbury will be responsible.

Perhaps the one book promised for this season which is being waited for more expectantly than any other is the "Life of Gladstone," on which Mr. John Morley has been engaged since shortly after the great statesman's death. It ought to be the book of the year, whenever it does appear. Mr. Morley was undoubtedly the ablest man for the task, since no other living man combines his qualities for sympathetically presenting both the public and private life of the scholar and the statesman. Mr. Morley has the additional advantage in being Gladstone's literary executor, with access to all documents and letters.

The novel by John Milton, which was discovered by an ardent book-collector who spent his time in acquiring such books as were not in the British Museum, will soon be ready for the booksellers. It has been translated from the original Latin, and will be introduced by Professor David Masson. Dr. Masson, when first informed of the discovery, placed no credence in it, but he altered his mind entirely when he read the book; and he is now an en-

thusiastic believer in its authenticity. Mr. John Murray is the publisher.

I understand you have quite a vogue in the States for the publications issued from private presses. There is some justification for the fashion, because one generally obtains in this way a well-printed book, and a book that is a delight to possess. What a pity, though, the owners of these presses do not issue books that are not easily obtainable! I mean books that are rare and difficult to purchase in any form, and yet books that ought to be in a good library. Collectors must surely be tired of the eternal reprints of Shelley, Keats, Rossetti, Omar Khayyam, and the rest. Here, in England, there are but two presses, the books from which are worth collecting—the Dove Press, managed by Messrs. Emery Walker, Cobden Sanderson, and Sidney Cockerell, and the Ashandene Press, the productions of which are the sole work of Mr. St. John Hornby. Mr. Hornby lives in a beautiful house on the Chelsea Embankment, and his printing-shop, at the back of the house, is a model of what a printing-shop ought to be. He is his own compositor, pressman, and proofreader, and not a sheet of any book he issues but what has passed his critical eye and been approved by an exacting taste. He is at work at present on an edition of Dante, from new type, and with reproductions of the old wood-cuts from one of the early editions commented by Landino. Of course, Mr. Hornby is not a rapid worker, and as he will not permit of any assistance in his work, he cannot issue editions of more than a very limited number of copies. Indeed, a hundred copies is a very large edition for him. But this makes his books the more interesting and all the more likely to become rare. The Ashandene Press is genuinely a private press, and its owner a true craftsman.

S. F.

Letter from Paris

PARIS, September 19, 1902.

PAUL HERVIEU is undoubtedly becoming one of the literary men of France from whom much is expected, although he has already given a good deal. He forms one of the galaxy of celebrated Pauls, represented by himself, by Paul Bourget, Paul Alexis, Paul Adam, and two or three others whose parents christened them by the name of the Apostle of the Gentiles. Nineteen, nay, fifteen years back, Paul Hervieu was unknown beyond a small local circle or "cénacle." He was lost amid the Maupassants, the Daudets, the Zolas, who, with the Russian Turgenieff, and, to a certain extent, Tolstoy, were stars of the literary firmament of Europe. Now, Paul Hervieu is a successful novelist, a leading literary dramatist, which means a good deal here, and an academician who has succeeded Pailleron "under the cupola." Just now Paris is extremely anxious to know what he has made of Théroigne de Méricourt, the Luxembourg beauty, "demoiselle Théroigne," not from Belgian Liège, as some of the French erroneously report, who was so prominent a figure in the great Revolution. Théroigne is little known in the histories which we learned as children. She is, in fact, rigidly excluded from school books, for she was rather a bad lot, and cannot be held up as a good example to anybody. Carlyle has got her, but it is strange that no dramatist or "historical" novelist has tried to revive her and to

interest modern playgoers and readers in the phantasmagoric career of this woman from Luxembourg who became a power in Paris temporarily, and who went mad owing to her treatment by the infuriated females, who whipped her through the Tuileries gardens. Hervieu has written a literary drama on this woman, and the only, the divine, and the incomparable Sarah, who is living and acting forever, is to play the leading part. Sardou will be eclipsed, and we have to see if Rostand will survive after Hervieu's play has been put on the boards of the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre.

Many people forget that Hervieu is a novelist. This is owing to the success of his plays, and notably of "L'Enigme," produced at the Comédie Française. One of the earliest books was "La Bêtise Humaine," published in 1883. Herein he set up as an analyst of society, and in "Choses de l'Amour," which followed, he gave the key to his later dramatic work by showing that in spite of the advance of civilization society kept up the most horrible customs and practices of barbarous ages, and hedged them around with hypocritical laws and conventions. One of the ulcers on which Paul Hervieu laid his scalpel at this period was the "Article Rouge," of the penal code, which renders excusable the murder of a wife taken in adultery by her husband. You have the same theme treated in "L'Enigme," that play which has caused a French critic writing for an English periodical to talk of Hervieu

as drawing near to the art of an *Æschylus* or a *Sophocles*. This is a rather doubtful compliment, and Paul Hervieu has no doubt smiled at it. Anyhow he is a great modern dramatist and litterateur who has written such masterpieces of fiction as "*L'Inconnu*," "*Les Yeux Verts et les Yeux Bleus*," "*Flirt*," "*Peints par Eux-mêmes*," and "*L'Armature*," which many critics consider to be his best, and who has produced such plays as "*Les Tenaillles*," "*La Loi de l'Homme*," "*La Course du Flambeau*," and "*L'Enigme*."

Spanish life and color abound in the strange work of fiction, "*La Marquesita*," by a young writer, Jean Louis Talon. M. Talon does not spare us anything. His book is full of love, lust, bull-fighting, and carnage. The torero *Rafaelito* is no ordinary bull-stabber, for he has had the benefit, or as some people might think, the disadvantage, of a university education. *Rafaelito* has been brought up in the very heart of Seville, near that *Giralda* which Americans think recalls to them *Madison Square* and the *Garden Tower*. He loves the dancing girls as well as the superior sort of *Sevilliaña*, who is serenaded as she sits in her barred bedroom. *Rafaelito* has become a torero out of sheer love of woman. He knows that the Spanish beauties dote on the gaudily dressed, clean shaven bull-fighters, and he soon makes an impression on the *Marquesita Soledad*, as well as on a lot of other women, including cooks and *gitanas*. This is running *Rafaelito* very close with *Don Juan*, of whom *Sganarelle* remarks: "*Dame, demoiselle, Bourgeoise, Paysanne, il ne trouve rien de trop chaud, ni de trop froid pour lui.*" The *Marquesita* has a big house in *Madrid*, with a friar attached to her household, who says mass for her and occasionally carries love letters.

The "Eternal Woman," always a favorite subject with the French, comes

out very strongly in M. Maurice Lefèvre's "*La Femme à travers les Âges*." Maurice Lefèvre is a well-known modern boulevardier, but he is also something more. He is a fashionable lecturer, a "*conférencier élégant et spirituel*," who may often be heard in the most select drawing-rooms, and is sometimes seen enjoying his beer in a *brasserie*, and likewise taking occasional pinches of snuff. A fairly tall, well-built, brown-bearded man, the fashionable lecturer is nearing the prime of life. His show of women in his latest book is large and varied. All the ladies whom we read about of old are there. We have *Aspasia* and *Sappho*, with her "small dark body's Lesbian loveliness," as Mr. Swinburne sings, whom the French write down as *Sapho*, both English and French thus metamorphosing the lady's "island name," which was "*Psappha*." From Greek and Roman women of beauty and wit or superior intelligence we come down to the *Marquise de Rambouillet* and *Madame Recamier*.

Another writer who deals largely with the historical woman is M. Pierre de Nolhac, of the *Versailles Museum*, a gentleman who is well known for his valuable work in Europe and America. M. de Nolhac is still a young man and is destined to be a prolific author. His researches in the interesting history of *Petrarch* and *Laura*, his works on *Marie Antoinette* and *Versailles*, where he is one of the conservators, claim a hearing for him whenever he publishes. His latest book is on *Queen Marie Leczinska*, daughter of *King Stanislaus of Poland*, and wife of the great sinner, *Louis Quinze*. The fifteenth *Louis* led his wife a fearful dance, and she had to stand his attentions to the three *Maillys* and a number of minor mistresses with whom the "well beloved" and "the Most Christian King" was supplied by the *Duc de Richelieu* and other courtiers. The queen tried to have some

revenge on one of the Maillys—she who was called Madame de Mailly in contradistinction to Madame de Vinpinella and the Duchesse de Châteauroux—and wanted to hunt her from Versailles. Later on the much-betrayed consort learned to accept the inevitable, and as the king was incorrigible, she had to close her eyes on his amours and occupy herself with the education of her children. M. de Nolhac has presented the whole history of the deceived queen with his usual picturesqueness as well as accuracy. It is superfluous to say that he has consulted original manuscript, for he always does so, and there is no writer in France who has better opportunities for reviving ancient history with new effects than he, except, perhaps, Funck-Brentano, whom I lately saw in his rooms at the Arsenal Library much satisfied with the English edition of his book on the Bastille.

We may expect that Professor Weil, of Paris University, will publish in book form the remarkable sketches which he has contributed to the "Revue Universitaire" on Gustave Flaubert's manuscripts. Flaubert, as is well known, wore himself out in endeavoring to express everything in flawless French. M. Weil wrote his articles from Flaubert's manuscripts in the possession of the famous novelist's niece, Madame Franklin Grout. He found dozens of "brouillons" or rough drafts of "Salammbô," in which the author, as he used to say himself, tried to make people "see" what he described by using the exact expression and by presenting striking word pictures. Flaubert also tried to banish the romantic from his pages and to replace it by the realistic. Here is an example given by M. Weil:

"To the noble verb which veils the action Flaubert substitutes the vulgar verb which describes it. Thus 'A rain of sparks dashed themselves against their faces,' in place of 'inundating' the same." Poor Flaubert! He was also

afraid of being rickety in his grammar. In the first edition of "Madame Bovary" he wrote "Comment voulais tu que je vive sans toi," but in the following editions he altered this to "Comment voulais tu que jevecusse sans toi?" At this period the novelist wrote to the Goncourts that he was sleeping with the "Grammaire des grammaires," and that his green carpet was covered by the volumes of the "Academy Dictionary."

Mademoiselle Lucie Felix-Faure, daughter of the late President of the Republic, is an indefatigable literary woman. Hardly has she finished her book on Cardinal Newman before she comes forward with "Les Femmes dans l'oeuvre de Dante." Therein we have the old, old figures brought up once more—Beatrice and Francesca da Rimini—as if they had not been written about and discussed for hundreds of years and by hundreds of writers. Mademoiselle Faure has succeeded in investing the two ladies of old-time Florence with some new interest. She also tries to make us see that Dante, while cherishing an ideal, ethereal love for Beatrice, was tenderly and forgivingly disposed towards more sensual women, such as the lady of Rimini, who broke her marriage vow. The Florentine poet, in order to keep on the orthodox side, sends down to hell all who have loved outside the pale of marriage, but he has special pity and pardon for them, and regards them with more compassion than he does other sinners.

Among the latest Paris publications noticed before the despatch of this letter are "Fleur de Grève," a Breton story by a very successful man, Maurice Cabs. A Paris painter, eager to fly away from the Montmartre studios and brasseries, goes with his wife, whom he loves, to a Breton seaside place, where he saves a mysterious young maiden named Marie Annic from the incoming tide. Naturally the painter, who has the rather prosaic name of Georges

Richard, falls in love with the young lady from the sea, and she reciprocates his affection. As the artist is decent enough to stick to his wife, the mysterious Breton girl commits suicide by returning to the sea whence she was saved before by her lover. Any one who likes Brittany will enjoy this book.

Of other works I see just offered for sale "L'Oncle de Chicago," by André Laurie; "Profils de Théâtre," by Jules Claretie, that amazing producer of ever-interesting copy, although he is a busy manager of a theatre; "Le Dernier Napoleon," by M. Edmond Lepelletier, the nationalist municipal councillor and journalist who has a strong taste for historical subjects, which he treats with adequate picturesqueness; and "Discours Civiques," by Laurent Tailhade, the literary anarchist. Now Tailhade deserves to be read if only for his marvellous muscularity of expression and his wild picturesqueness of style. The man utters the most abominable blasphemies against all religions, and especially against Christianity, from time to time. He would no doubt be glad to see a good many "bosses" of every sort dynamited or daggered, but if you have a duly eclectic mind you can get over all that and enjoy his diabolical style. Everything is wild, vivid, picturesque, and even when you know that Tailhade has been dipping into an encyclopædia and gleaning some second-hand erudition you cannot help being interested in his amusing resuscitations of dead dogs. I also find that the French have not yet done with mad but brilliant Friedrich Nietzsche, "Critic

of women and breaker of idols." There are hardly a hundred Frenchmen who could write Nietzsche's name straight off, and even many who know his works are leaving out some of the sneezing letters in the said name, but his philosophy and his aphorisms are liked well enough, and he has many admirers in Paris, where an indefatigable man has carefully translated "Thus Spake Zarathustra" and the rest. Just as Darwin was drawn upon by Daudet long ago, and as Schopenhauer was also utilized by French writers of fiction, so Nietzsche is now exploited, notably by the younger school of novelists. The latest French book on the latest of popular German philosophers is entitled "Réflexions sur Nietzsche," by M. Paul Louis Garnier. There are signs, however, that the French are beginning to react against the literature, philosophy, and music of the North. Nietzsche may yet be dethroned here as well as Herbert Spencer and Schopenhauer. So, too, may Wagner, and, in another department, Ibsen, Sudermann, Tolstoy, but hardly Maeterlinck, as being a Belgian, he will always obtain a French hearing. But the French, being mostly of Latin stock, are being urged by Gabriel Hanotaux, ex-Foreign Minister, and others, to go back to the shores of the Mediterranean, to Spain, Sicily, Italy, and Sunny Provence for inspiration and enthusiasm, and to have done with the Gothic, gloomy, and nebulous mysticism of the northern nations.

W. F. L.

Reviews

Poetry of the Month

BY BLISS CARMAN

IT is customary to use the word poetry in rather a loose way, as meaning whatever is printed in lines of a definite length, either with or without the recurrence of rhyme. I use the word in that sense for the heading of this paper. And the first volume which comes to the front for notice is Mr. Hope's "India's Love Lyrics." There is matter in this volume that will make the respectable squirm in holy disgust. But a book need be none the worse for that; and if that were its only attribute, one might praise it generously. It is very much better that people should be shocked into attention, rather than that they should not attend at all. As M. Maeterlinck says, "Even unhappiness is better than sleep."

Unfortunately, however, Mr. Hope has allowed himself to be daring in his choice of theme, while he remains quite prosy in his treatment. The result is unpleasant—and unhappy, too; for while the Philistines will say that he has made altogether too much of the opportunity, lovers of good poetry will say that his opportunity has been lost upon him. If I were not anxious to grant a stranger (to say nothing of an honest craftsman in the fine arts) every courtesy, I should be tempted to say that his style is almost as unrelated and casual as that of the "Epic of Hades." And nothing could be more unfortunate for his purpose. A

commonplace subject with commonplace sentiments may do very well with common diction; but when the artist ventures into the realm of the unusual and unconventional, he takes a dangerous hazard, if he permits himself to speak without distinction and reserve. Polite literature, like polite society, may allow itself a broad range of discussion, so long as it is fine enough and delicate enough in its choice of language. As an instance of what seems to me the fault in Mr. Hope's poetry, let me open his volume almost at random and quote the opening stanza of one of his lyrics.

"The tropic day's redundant charms
Cool twilight soothes away,
The sun slips down behind the palms
And leaves the landscape gray.
I want to take you in my arms
And kiss your lips away!"

Well, no doubt any man might want the same thing, but he wouldn't mention it. Such intimate and vital promptings, natural and universal as they may be, are much too spiritual to be treated with commonness. They form a part of that inward life from which our highest and most religious feelings spring, and they deserve, in consequence, a richness and beauty and variety of diction to worthily enshrine them.

The author of these Indian Love Lyrics is by no means alone in his failure. Whitman made the same mistake when he touched on the sensuous side of love. In a natural disgust at false prudery, he allowed himself to be carried away with a ridiculous frankness—or rather with a baldness of speech quite proper to science but not at all proper to art and religion. Mr. Kipling, on the other hand, with all his frankness, makes no such blunder. His delightful old ruffians in "The Seven Seas," when they relate their amours for polite listeners, do so in no common language, but in a speech to which force and trenchant picturesqueness have lent distinction. And we hear them without taking offence, because of the wonderful vigor and unusualness of their language.

Perhaps I have not sufficiently praised Mr. Hope's honest attempt to do what is so difficult to do for English readers; and it may be others, less critical of the form, will enjoy the substance of his exotic poems more than I have.

In work like "Thoughts Adrift" and "Moses" and "Flower and Flame" one finds chiefly evidences of poetic aspiration rather than notable accomplishment. Mr. Brown's drama, for all its ambition, has too much of the academic about it.

In "The Great Procession" there is more comfortable substance and enjoyment,

with less ambition. Mrs. Spofford has put together a number of engaging rhymes, which she modestly designates in a subtitle "Verses for and about Children." Several of them, like "The Little Irish Girl," have a true charm of their own, while several others on religious and legendary themes recall Miss Alexander's memorable volume of legends in verse published a couple of years ago—a book of most delicious quality and free simplicity of treatment. There is in Mrs. Spofford's poems much of the same unaffected directness of expression. And often, too, there is vigor and freshness, as in "The Forerunner," a poem which recalls Browning's "Amphibian," but may be none the worse for that, and which gives one the touch of spiritual uplift which it is always the function of poetry to bestow.

INDIA'S LOVE LYRICS. *By Laurence Hope.*
John Lane, New York. \$1.50, net.

THOUGHTS ADRIFT. *By Hattie Horner*
Loutham. R. G. Badger, Boston.
\$1.00.

MOSES. *A Drama. By Charles Hovey*
Brown. R. G. Badger. \$1.00.

A REED BY THE RIVER. *By Virginia*
Woodward Cloud. R. G. Badger.
\$1.00.

THE GREAT PROCESSION. *By Harriet*
Prescott Spofford. R. G. Badger.
\$1.00.

Mr. Henry James and the Human Will

THE WINGS OF THE DOVE. *By Henry*
James. Charles Scribner's Sons, New
Ycrk. 2 vols. \$2.50.

BY ALINE GORREN

THE Wings of the Dove" is determinant proof that Mr. Henry James's "last manner" is his final manner. Where critics have been led to suspect this fact it has been customary

to deprecate it. That small group of extraordinary books that represents the output of his few later years—"What Maisie Knew," "The Awkward Age," and the others—many of his best friends and admirers would have liked to think of as expressing a "phase." But Mr. Henry James has passed the age of phases. No contemporary has had a "growth" in a more absolute sense. It has been a going forward and a working out most orderly,

and proceeding from a stable inner principle. It has also been a more and more perfect taking possession of a clearly mapped-out province. He has never been interested, objectively, in the general movements of things and events. Those who are thus interested are, consciously or not, believers in the supreme efficacy of the human will in directing motives, and the whole consequent evolution of action.

This belief has never been entertained, to any extent, by Mr. James. His experience of the human drama, all his close observation, have confirmed him more and more, apparently, in his distrust of the concrete operativeness of will at more than the shortest range, so to say. He may be willing to grant that the act of will of one person, or of many persons, may control the one or two most near-by scenes in the drama; he would assuredly deny that it could be counted on, so far at least as the great majority of cases went, to shape a plan to its end unassisted by a fortuitous combination of outside forces. These outside forces consist of the multitudinously interplaying and inextricably interwoven psychic currents formed by the conflicting impulses of other people. Many of these impulses are evanescent; indeed, the greater part are so. They are not only short-lived, spasmodic; they are often also obscure to those in whose nerve-centres they originate. Much of all that goes on about us every day, changing lives, making or marring destinies, belongs entirely to the sphere of subconscious impulse, and is a darkness to all but the perceptive few. In that sphere nothing, of course, escapes Mr. James's clairvoyance. That his second-sight has there become phenomenal is, precisely, the "mark" of his final manner.

The indolent judgment's temptation may naturally be to assert that it is impossible actually to see so much; and, in reality, that there is as plain matter-of-fact never so much to see. Mr. James knows better; therefore he can afford to be indifferent to the ready opinion of many honest readers who do not care to be disconcerted by being made to realize, in their fiction, things which they do not behold

in real life. There is another question before Mr. James to answer, however. And it is whether, in his extreme and merciless sincerity to what he holds to be the dominant factor in the intricate workings of human lives, he has not lost his perspective.

The will, we may venture to believe, is more, after all, than Mr. James has come to think, and that it is so accounts for the truth that this is a much more solid world than the world of "The Wings of the Dove" or of "The Fountain of Youth." All the play of semi-occult impulse for which Mr. James's stories are so fine is about us everywhere. But what he seems nowadays entirely to overlook is that it has a way of affecting men and women with a will a little stronger than the average in a decidedly reactionary fashion. It "gets on their nerves," to use the phrase of the hour, and often to such purpose as to cause them to make short work of complications, emotional and other, which, spun out unchecked by the morbid-minded, might have reached dire proportions. The world of all Mr. James's later personages is mostly a world of idlers in whom more or less morbid passions can and do flourish to the effect of appreciably affecting the breathable qualities of the atmosphere. Yet even in such a world there are healthy beings, and Mr. James gives them less than their rightful share of attention.

A personage as perversely, grotesquely weak as Densher in "The Wings of the Dove" is almost more than one is willing to accept, even at the superlatively plausible hands of Mr. James. The figure of the girl Kate, calculating and voluptuous, a species of Lucrezia Borgia in the diminished scale appropriate to twentieth century London, is more thinkable, and far more respectable. She has at least continuity, the capacity for sustained effort, and the quality, upon the whole, of bigness. With her deep-laid plot to marry the man she loves temporarily to a dying girl of great fortune—or, possibly, her still deeper intention of so enlisting the latter's affections that, touched at the most vulnerable spot, she will let herself die and, so doing, leave her money

to Kate's own intended husband, and hence to Kate herself—one might be permitted to conceive of her as a somewhat sinister companion for the uses of everyday life, in spite of her "society" scintillations. But she is more respectable than Densher, because she has the power to will in general, and the power, in particular, to inject some will into her love.

And this brings one around to a specially conspicuous feature of Mr. James's now completely evolved theory of the instability of the emotions and the flaccidity of the will. While he is more than ever alive to what is called temperament, the dignity of the great passion receives, under his pen, a treatment of a pessimism perhaps unnecessarily inveterate. Granted that the chances making for the immutability of the passion have been exaggerated by writers, Mr. James's growing disbelief in any chances for its fixity in the largest number of circumstances may fairly strike one as irrational and also immoral. It is perfectly probable that strong—because of their youth, health, beauty, and mutual hope for the future—as was the emotional tie between Densher and Kate, the man's imagination could be captured by poor Milly's pathetic case and half-concealed tenderness to the extent of rendering him untrue, in a measure, to the other passion. But it is also undoubted that the men who would have refused emphatically in the first place any such equivocal situations as that in which Densher found himself placed, by his lady-love's wish, with respect to Milly, are—it may be spoken to the credit of the Anglo-Saxon race—far more numerous than men of the type of Densher.

It is true that Mr. James is careful to show that Densher was a not wholly English Englishman. His foolish acquiescences and bland acceptances of the pleasantest, because easiest, course Mr. James would perhaps explain as the fruit of desultory Continental influences. Densher's case, however, is mainly interesting—"The Wings of the Dove" is mainly interesting—because they mark a crystallization of that tendency in all Mr. James's later work as to the validity, usefulness,

healthfulness of which one may have so many doubts. One may repeat that all that he sees in the way of emotional vagaries and subconscious impulses really exists. But one certainly cannot say too often that the great reason for not making them so prominent in literature is that, as to the vast aggregate, they literally do not have it so much their own way as do the conscious and continuous acts of will. This is a more solid world than Mr. James represents, because it is one in which common sense more often has the upper hand. And the highest definition of common sense is that it is generally just the mechanical determination to carry out, with system, a plan of action once conceived, unless some very good ground indeed present itself for changing the course.

Densher is admirably representative of those beings now so much affected by Mr. James who tack so continually with the wind that they arrive, as a finality, nowhere. The determination to be "true," to preserve the integrity of the great passion, may be regarded itself often as a matter of common sense. It stands at least for the thing chosen. The great passion may or may not be noble. But it is really only interesting so far as it has some stability; so far, that is, as it is preserved and guided in an appreciable degree by the will, and is, by so much, taken out of the realm of mere emotion. This is the only ground on which one can make a stand for the identity of great art with high morality. The great book, the great picture, the great musical page, are inspired by, or deal with, an emotion not only powerful, but imbued with some continuity. But emotion, of itself, is rarely continuous. It spends itself without the conscious aid of the will. And emotion, of itself, is non-moral; but the will belongs to the moral world.

If Mr. James's personages were more moral, were all more like Milly and less like Densher, his recent books would really be more interesting. They interest strongly, extraordinarily, now. But they do not "stay with you." They do not convince, because their author has lost the beliefs without which there is no power to convince.

POEMS. By Charles G. D. Roberts.
Frontispiece portrait. L. C. Page &
Co., Boston. \$1.50.

BY J. STEWART DOUBLEDAY

MR. Roberts has a right to sing. Again and again he has proved his powers of song, and anything that we may say here will not shake or controvert that elemental statement. He is truly a poet, strong and individual, intensely New World, often vast and sweeping in his imaginative conceptions, full of delight in primitive refreshing nature with a certain "go," an ecstasy in his nobler moments that communicates itself without loss to the sympathetic reader; and he is overbrimming with the associate faults of his grandly assertive qualities. When Mr. Roberts is in form, when he has his true voice, he gives out pure chest tones which carry to the remotest bourne of the world's great amphitheatre; but when he is off the note, when he has in view an oratorical purpose or effect, his natural magic fails him, the wand is reversed, and his poetry is debased into eloquence. Truly no living poet is so unequal as the sturdy lyrist of Canada.

In a prefatory note the author declares that of all his verse written before the end of 1898 this collection contains everything that he cares to preserve; and undeniably he has exhibited good insight and wholesome abstinence in his choice; yet we feel most sincerely that the garden could still profitably have been weeded, that a few of the weaker songs and ballads and nearly all of his very early work could have been expunged for the greater glory of the whole.

Beyond doubt Mr. Roberts is at his best in a certain broad delineation of nature, in the great woods and desolate tracts, on wild and rugged heights overlooking the Northern seas, "In the Wide Awe and Wisdom of the Night." In these circumstances he is absolutely individual and broad. We quote from *The Solitary Woodsman*, a fair type of his power of awakening the sense of universality by artistic representation of increasing natural movements. Where so

much motion is, there must be space in which to record it.

"All day long he wanders wide
With the gray moss for his guide,
And his lonely axe-stroke startles
The expectant forest-side.

"Toward the quiet close of day
Back to camp he takes his way,
And about his sober footsteps
Unafraid the squirrels play.

"On his roof the red leaf falls,
At his door the bluejay calls,
And he hears the wood-mice hurry
Up and down his rough log walls;

"Hears the laughter of the loon
Thrill the dying afternoon,—
Hears the calling of the moose
Echo to the early moon.

"And he hears the partridge drumming,
The belated hornet humming,—
All the faint prophetic sounds
That foretell the winter's coming.

"And the wind about his eaves
Through the chilly night-wet grieves,
And the earth's dumb patience fills him,
Fellow to the falling leaves."

Yes, this is the poet's true note. What solitude is with us and what wonder! What wide suggestion of subtle forces in the contrast of the wood-mice hurrying up and down the log walls and the calling of the moose, which echoes to the early moon! What poetry—there is no other word to express it—in the lines, "All the faint prophetic sounds that foretell the winter's coming!" We hear the startling fall of that "lonely axe-stroke," and it reminds us of infinity; and thus—we honestly believe—it shall remind our children's children. Mr. Roberts is very masterful in conveying the sense of eternal mystery and wonder; and this from the most ordinary outdoor sights or occurrences. What a suddenness and strangeness, what a veritable

vision it gives us to read his *Burnt Lands*, where—

"—giant trunks, bleak shapes that once
were trees,
Tower naked, unassuaged of rain or
breeze,
Their stern gray isolation grimly
borne."

Or in *The Flight of the Geese*, a sonnet of such swift and awakening enthusiasm that it rouses in us a poetic wildness and delight something akin to terror!

The flight of birds has indeed a special fascination for him, and his lines on this subject have usually a strange onomatopoeic excellence, which does not, however, pass the limits of imagination and become mere buzzing or phonography. Mr. Roberts never forgoes his ideal; his lungs are filled with the air of universality, which he must breathe or perish. In

"Hark, the flapping, as of banners,
Where the heron triumphs by!"

or in

"The migrant hosts of June
Marching nearer noon by noon,"

we seem to rise from the perusal of entire natural histories and to be carried far beyond them into the realms of aspiration. Would that all our poet's performance were so pure and natural, so unmenaced by his crafty enemy—rhetoric!

The ballads are, as a whole, disappointing. They seem to us not very different from other people's ballads; the good old pattern is so clearly in evidence. Even the spirited *Laughing Sally*, with its "Yeo, heave ho!" and its "dead men laid a-row," strikes a Stevensonian, much-used note; and, as for *Manila Bay*, we can hardly reconcile its noise and exaggerated color and platform-superficiality with the master touch so instantaneously recognizable in *The Epitaph for a Husbandman*, for example, or in *The Wrestler*, or in *The Quest of the Arbutus*. These ballads rank with the popular ballads of Newbolt and have little in common with the open, sailor-like sonority of Campbell's *Nelson* and the *North* or the melodic distinction, the heroism, and the splendor of Tennyson's *Revenge*.

They are neither subtly effective like Hervé Riel nor vital with the pell-mell raw-meat flavor of Kipling. But the fame of Mr. Roberts is secure without his patriotic odes or his ballads.

He has but to pipe of his familiar hills and fallows, to give expression to the benign influence of river or sea, to begin, "O solitary of the austere sky" and we stand about him profoundly silent and impressed. Not seldom indeed his utterance rises to simple grandeur; and, at these times, the listener, inspired by such exaltation, can easily forget the flashy pretentious pose and the impure tone that mar the minstrel's work in feebler moments. Mr. Roberts, like Wordsworth or Byron, ought alone to be judged by the vision that proceeds from his innermost soul, the seed of which has been planted safely by genius, and cultivated through affection and experience.

OUR LITERARY DELUGE and *Some of its Deeper Waters*. By Francis Whiting Halsey. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.25, net.

BY J. STEWART DOUBLEDAY

THE writer knows his subject. He is familiar with every kind, quality, and degree of book; he has measured them, weighed them, put to them all conceivable tests, and the result is, as might plausibly be expected, yet another book—a book from Mr. Halsey's own hand; in which, however, it is difficult to find any marked distinction from the vast horde of commonplace volumes so justly and deprecatingly criticised by him. The deluge is with us, no doubt. Civilization groans submerged under such a terrifying downpour of mediocre thought, as makes us apprehensive sometimes for that chosen few whom Art has so sagaciously placed in her floating refuge. For them we need not greatly fear; the heart will take care of the classic. But what good can come, we put the question gravely, not impertinently, by swelling these already unmanageable waters on which the spirit of permanence moveth not, why pay trib-

ute—even of one ink-drop—into that formless, tyrannical flood? "Our Literary Deluge" is penned by a journalist, not written by an artist; it is composed of businesslike editorials, not literary essays.

The author is doubtless a very sane man, he has excellent sense and wholesome self-restraint, he has read carefully and widely, and accumulated far more than the ordinary sum of knowledge. Yet these conditions, indispensable though they be to the highest achievement, will not alone make a writer. Much of emotion is needed even for the quiet work, the power to carry one beyond sentences to paragraphs, and beyond paragraphs to elemental comprehensions of things. Mr. Halsey deals almost entirely with sentences, and a literary unity is therefore hardly perceptible in his larger linguistic sections. At the present time, owing to a reaction from the lachrymose idealist and the morbid realist, sanity is at a very high premium. We might safely declare that in some quarters this tendency is carried to the point of delusion, and that there exists an insane desire for sanity. Now nothing is much more equestrian (as Henry James would say) than sanity in connection with high ideas, but when sanity stumps alongside weary, well-known facts, she loses her immortal habiliments and takes to a very dusty road-dress.

There is probably a demand for books of the kind of this by Mr. Halsey. The book is well-cargoed with the names of celebrated writers, which fact in itself flaunts afar and wide the trade-banner of popularity and commends the volume to the unoriginal literary aspirant, to the student-off-on-holiday in search of "good-reading," to the inexperienced traveller in Bookland, who desires a Baedeker or Cook. But those who prefer style to statistics, who desire something more nourishing than mere statement, will get up from this reading far from refreshed. We were previously familiar with only two of these essays, but we feel as if we had been over them all, O, so many times! The same antique story of the price paid Milton for the original "Paradise Lost," and what the same manuscript would be worth now, the assertion that bad books

will die and good books will live, the remark that Scott is wholesome reading, that Jane Eyre will be remembered when the (then) prime minister of England is forgotten, these and many hundred more such trite opinions fall flatly and unprofitably on the ear. They are not ideas, they are not irreproachably expressed; they have, indeed, little value beyond the cheap éclat that goes with all extreme records or remarks relative to great people, and seem to us inevitably and hopelessly commonplace, when published in a book.

STILLMAN GOTT, FARMER AND FISHERMAN. *By Edwin Day Sibley. John S. Brooks & Co. \$1.50.*

BY HOLMAN F. DAY

AN imagination fed on the historical novel might find the story of Farmer and Fisherman Stillman Gott's placid life rather tame reading. His quaint dialogues are not intended by Mr. Sibley to swell the heart. But the book is one that will strike directly to the soft corner of your heart—and if you haven't that soft corner, so much the worse for you. Stillman Gott isn't shrewd and assertive like David Harum, and he isn't as canny as Eben Holden, but he's a precious old chap—one of the best Maine sort. He is an "old bach," one of the quiet, self-sacrificing, pathetic old figures that you find scattered all over the Pine Tree State. Mr. Sibley is the first novelist to appreciate this phase of Maine character, and while his portraiture is not as clear-cut as one would like, nevertheless, after you lay the book down, Stillman Gott will be enshrined along with other plain idols in the soft heart-corner that you have or ought to have. If Mr. Sibley writes more about the Maine farmer folk he will not be quite so extreme in his dialect, for he is almost "Josh Billingsy" in his spelling. A deft touch of dialect here and there makes smoother reading, and does all the business in the case of the reader who understands the people the author is writing about. And the people who do not understand such characters as Still-

man Gott will hardly appreciate all of the art in Mr. Sibley's portraiture, and must miss the best flavor of the book.

On the other hand, in the employment of Yankee phrases, the author strikes the happiest of veins. In writing dialect it is easy enough to clip consonants and elide vowels, but the true test of dialect is the use of the old-fashioned expressions and words that are the current conversational coin 'way back in Yankeeland. Country-bred folk who have lived long in the city will find Mr. Sibley's book a constant delight in the respect indicated. Nearly every page of dialogue has some of those dear old expressions that you probably had forgotten until they pop at you from the page like the "Hullo" of old country friends leaning on a pasture fence. The author puts a few good stories into the mouth of Stillman Gott, along with plenty of quaint and apposite illustrations of his apothegms. For instance, who but "Aunt Sumun" or "Uncle Whats'name of Yankeedom" could evolve a simile with the tang of this one: "Every one to his likin', as the monkey said when he married the hen"? Mr. Sibley confesses in his preface that he has lived and hunted and fished with the Maine coast folks many a season, and his novel indicates that he kept his notebook busy. Every one of his Yankee expressions is common in the vicinity of the back lots, but the city folk have not heard them for so long that they will sound almost new. The humor of the book is of the real Yankee sort, quiet and dry, and consisting not in pranks, but in quizzically turned phrases. The reader will relish all of it. As has been remarked, Stillman Gott is not a character as clear-cut as some of the cameos of country life with which book readers have been entertained since David Harum set the pace behind his mare, but Mr. Sibley has given us a type that is as sweet as a red clover blossom.

The incident of Gott's fight with storm and sea when he went off to the mainland to bring a doctor for a suffering little child of a neighbor, his passionate demand on the shrinking physician, and the journey back, are the most dramatic things in the novel, and suggest that another novel might be written around some

of those devoted men who practise medicine along the rocky and storm-beaten coast of Maine. There is a love story in the book, of course, and it is a pretty little love story of the rather lukewarm sort. You will not read the volume for that story, but you will follow "Still Gott" through the pages with deepening interest in him and other lonely old half-hermits of Maine, the pathos of whose lives cannot be imparted to readers other than those who have looked in on them and have known them.

STAGE CONFIDENCES. *By Clara Morris. Illustrated. Lothrop Publishing Company.* \$1.20, net.

BY JOHN D. BARRY

IT is now about ten years since Clara Morris, the actress, began to write for publication, contributing several short stories to the "St. Nicholas" magazine. They were clever and vivacious; but they attracted comparatively little notice even among those who admired the writer as an actress. Of course, Miss Morris worked against the disadvantage of appealing to an audience altogether different in kind from her audience at the theatre. Gradually her name began to be seen in other periodicals, attached to stories somewhat more ambitious. These, however, had an amateurish and a melodramatic quality that, in spite of their freshness and their spirit, at once placed them in the category of commonplace or mediocre invention. Three years ago Miss Morris published the first of a series of articles dealing with her stage career, and she was speedily lifted into new distinction. Many of these contributions have since been collected in a volume, "Stage Reminiscences," which ought to become a classic. It is one of the most remarkable records of the American stage printed during the past forty years; indeed, one of the most remarkable records of stage-life ever written. Its sincerity, however, does not altogether reflect credit on its author. Miss Morris is often interesting because she tells so much that other people would conceal. On reading her book you feel at times like an eaves-

dropper. Now and then her revelations are inexcusable, especially when she deals with the history of Lawrence Barrett's family and other matters equally private. Incidentally, she makes a betrayal of stage-life of which she is wholly unaware, in the impression she subtly conveys throughout the book, of its shallowness, its sordidness, and its vulgarity. It is one of those impressions that carry with them the conviction of truth.

After the appearance of "Stage Reminiscences," Miss Morris became established as a writer. Anything she wrote was now sure of finding a good market. A few months ago she brought out a novel, "A Pasteboard Crown." As it dealt with stage-life, and as its author had already shown that she possessed an absolute knowledge of the theatre and a profound insight into its conditions, it seemed not unlikely that it would be a notable book. It proved to be a great disappointment. The material which Miss Morris could so successfully reproduce as facts became, transferred through her imagination to fiction, unreal, conventional, and tawdry, an innocent and an absurd misrepresentation.

Again Miss Morris comes before the public with a book. It is called "Stage Confidences," and it consists of a series of short papers treating in apparently inexhaustible spirit such matters as the stage as a career for girls, the curious verifications of plots or incidents in plays by episodes in the lives of people in the audience, stage-dressing, "mashers," stage-children, social conditions behind the scenes, religion in theatrical life, unpleasant experiences in the life of an actress, and acting with Salvini. On reading the first essay you can not fail to be amazed by the vitality in it, and attracted by the colloquial flavor. It seems as if the voice of the woman rang through it. It is unmistakably the voice of the actress, who, like Mrs. Kendal, is used to speaking with authority, and to speaking a good deal. And yet it is so good-natured that it not merely holds the interest but conveys a great deal of charm. Even when the writer, in her zest for talking the matter out, becomes somewhat twisted in her speech, you never fail to

catch her full meaning and to be carried along by her enthusiasm. If, now and then, you suspect that beneath the good-nature there may lurk a contradictory quality, you can readily forgive it. After finishing the book you are likely to come to the conclusion that Miss Morris has a remarkable style, often incorrect, often betraying deplorable taste, but of an undeniable vividness. Her cardinal defect is, indeed, lack of taste, of discrimination. And here, perhaps, may be discovered one of the causes of her failure as a novelist. In "Stage Confidences" Miss Morris frequently falls into small anecdote, employing the manner of fiction, and inevitably failing to create the illusion of truth. As soon as her people talk, even when she maintains that she is quoting remarks she heard, she makes them use, not human speech, but the language of print, generally the language of old-fashioned and second-rate fiction.

Wherever Miss Morris deals with the practical aspects of stage-life she shows sound judgment; as in her more ambitious "Reminiscences," she again, as probably unconsciously, reveals the superficiality of the theatrical career. Her new book, too, is far more modest than its predecessor, which devotes an astonishingly large amount of space to compliments for Miss Morris herself. Its chief defect lies in its occasional triviality; incidents are recorded that seem hardly worth finding their way into a book; yet these serve a most important purpose in showing how strangely familiar and trifling, and yet human and kindly, may be the intimate life behind the scenes. One well-known actor has lately deplored the publication of so many articles and books relating to the theatre, as he believes that they tend to destroy the glamour that formerly enveloped the stage. But in reality it is foolish glamour, and if it cannot endure close examination it is hardly likely to be wholesome. A book like "Stage Confidences" certainly can do no harm, even if it does shake a few illusions. On the other hand, it may do a great deal of good, especially to those young people who are tempted to go on the stage without realizing just what they are doing. Finally, it justifies itself to the play-lover,

who knows the theatre only from the front of the footlights, by being indefatigably entertaining.

Miss Morris will never be accused, as other players have been, of having her writing done for her or of having been assisted by any one else. It seems a pity, however, that she was not effectively counselled against telling of the Denver woman who was converted from a wicked life by seeing her as "Camille," and against telling the story of her old friend of the theatre, Samantha. These stories might be told without giving the least offence, but the telling would require more tact and art than Miss Morris has as yet acquired.

THE STORY OF MARY MACLANE. *By herself. Frontispiece portrait.* Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.50.

By R. V. RISLEY

THERE is something unconsciously pathetic in the naïve self-consciousness of Mary MacLane. Her book is a cry. This backwoods Bashkirtseff voices the same great loneliness that was in the heart of the Marie of the Diary; but the one is of the Old World, the other of the New.

The Diary is that of a nature artistic, ironic, sensual, effete, morbidly self-realizationary; the Life is that of a soul yet crude and indeterminate in its angry yearning, avid with a certain rough force, vibrative with an energy repressed, jejunely earnest—a soul groping, unaware either of its possibilities or of its limitations. If Mary MacLane had a sense of humor!—

She is precociously old—old with that agedness that departs with youth, that agedness which impels the boy poet to deal in sunset, Autumn, and Death.

She is never silly. It is the very grimness of her recalcitrant rebellion against destiny that provokes her into absurdity. The six tooth-brushes are ridiculous; but what a weariness of anger lies behind that wilful ridicule! It is a gibe—a sneer flung at existence by one to whom life seems only the misery of futility, the

sinister tragedy of predestined unfulfilment.

We laugh at these things. But children laugh at the pitiful playfulness of caged animals. A man's or a woman's soul can be caged; all idealists pace the prison of reality—all who dream look through the bars of life.

Mary MacLane would probably repudiate the name of dreamer (she is provincially old-fashioned enough to apply to herself the inane cognomen of "genius"), and she is too young, in spite of her premature agedness, to realize that in life there are two dreamers—the dreamer of dreams and the dreamer of deeds. Out of the brunt of the storm of her meeting with reality will her spirit rise buoyant, a spirit that is of the latter, and no more of the former, variety?

As yet she is a curiosity—a freak in the jumbled museum of contemporary letters.

I am reminded of the saying of the greatest of Frenchmen—"only the ordinary have possibilities."

The author of the "story" distinctly has "possibilities." If she have the strength of will to withstand herself; if she possess that openness of nature which is necessary to growth—the growth from without, in contradistinction to the growth from within—the growth which implies observation and means accumulation; if she have these abilities she may do better things than this angry, significant, absurd, and pathetic appeal.

She has, as yet, shown no sign of that highest and deepest of all literary qualities, the creative imagination; nor has she exhibited anything of that lesser form of imagination which I may perhaps characterize as the tableausque. But her first book hardly allows place for either. It leaves one wondering whether or not she is really individual or only personal.

Precocity has a discouraging way of flaring transiently, like a blaze from dry wood.

It is possible that those latent powers which are not merely forces—those pregnant possibilities of which the Frenchman spoke—it is possible that, in the gradual upheaval of experience they may come to reasonably order and discreetly direct this wild-flown energy.

As yet, Mary MacLane has done nothing further than to achieve a certain semi-morbid and semi-sentimental notoriety. She "trembles in the balance"—the balance that weighs her yesterdays and to-morrows, as it has done those of all who ever, save numerically, had any property in either.

Mary MacLane does not realize Life.

She has bored an artesian well in her heart—and the well has "spouted."

She is peering into the crater of her emotions; she has not yet opened her mind to take a bird's-eye view of the world.

Omnivorously, rather than selectively, read, her book lacks, in nearly equal degree, style, method, and proportion. She erupts her mental palpitations in a staccato volley; her emotion has no contiguity; she, I think, disdains that quality which we know under the name of "poise" because she has so far failed to acquire it—disdains it with the spontaneous and almost instinctive contrariness of her rebel spirit. One might be tempted to say that the chord of her discordant soul was pride.

This half-edged energy—this unself-controlled avidity—this vindictive, sombre, and desperately desolate nature—is significant; significant even though it lessen and disappear, of that infinite emancipation which has grown through the dark of the centuries—of that sudden liberty which proclaims at last that humanity dares to be itself.

Mary MacLane is as yet not more than a sign-board; but the hint she unconsciously gives is momentous.

TEMPORAL POWER. *By Marie Corelli.*
Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

BY HENRY TYRRELL

TEMPORAL Power" is the somewhat didactic title of Marie Corelli's latest novel. It might have been more characteristically called, perhaps, "The Throne Well Lost," or "A Romance of Monarchy." At the same time, the book is what its sub-title purports—a Study in Supremacy. By whatever name it was called, this new work of Miss Corelli's

could not fail to please her following of readers, to whose legions it will most probably add. If the author's recognized faults and limitations are here, let it be acknowledged that her splendid abilities are likewise in evidence—that her qualities of heart, mind, and observation, combined with a dramatic gift as rare as it is unmistakable, give to "Temporal Power," in a higher degree than to any of her previous romances, certain aspects of real greatness.

Reduced to its simplest terms, the thesis or fundamental proposition of the present novel is this: that Autocracy, or Kingship, would be the best and noblest form of government in the world, if kings' hearts were true, and if autocrats could be found who were intellectual and honest at one and the same time. With no concrete example of the kind in view—unless in the legendary reminiscence of the good Haroun Al Raschid—Miss Corelli imagines an ultra-modern constitutional monarchy, which might be that of Britain or of Italy to-day, ruled by an hereditary king possessing those ideal attributes mentioned, together with the genius, the strength, and the courage to put them in practice to the full bent of Socialism's wildest dream. Her conception is interesting, her development of the idea brilliantly audacious, and in its culminating effect profoundly moving.

Yes! Miss Corelli is theatrical and sometimes luridly melodramatic. Her stage management is as obvious as it is clever. Her reasoning is "a woman's" (this is not necessarily said in disparagement), her arguments are too insistent and polemical, her justice is mostly of the "poetic" kind, and her vision uniformly turns Utopia-wards. Yet withal she enlists and holds the sympathies, challenges and excites the mind, and in the end—may it not be said?—satisfies the heart. The speeches of the various personages are, as a rule, admirable in character; while the author's own thoughts and comments are by turns epigrammatic, startling, tender, eloquent. No need to mention names, when she says: "A general whose military tactics succeed in killing a hundred thousand innocent men receives a peerage and a hundred thousand a year;

a speculator who snatches territory and turns it into stock-jobbing material, is called an 'Empire-Builder'; but the man whose Thought destroys or moulds a new world, and raises up a new civilization, is considered beneath a crowned Majesty's consideration." Perhaps Andrew Carnegie will overlook the following remark: "Far away in Great Britain, a millionaire has recently made the Scottish University education 'free' to all students—instead of, as it used to be, hard to get, and well worth working to win. Now, through the wealth of one man, it is turned into a pauper's allowance—like offering the smallest silver coin to a reduced gentleman."

The whole argument of the book is, in a manner, summed up here: "Once in a hundred centuries a woman is born like Lotys, to drive men mad with desire for the unattainable—to fire them with such ambition as should make them emperors of the world, if they had but sufficient courage to snatch their thrones—and yet, to fill them with such sick despair at their own incompetency and failure as to turn them into mere children crying for love—for love!—only love! No matter whether worlds are lost, kings killed, and dynasties concluded, love!—only love!—and then death!—as all-sufficient for the life of a man. And only just so long as love is denied—just so long we can go on climbing toward the unreachable height of greatness: then, once we touch love, down we fall, broken-hearted. But, we have had our day!"

This novel, "Temporal Power," is in itself sufficient to account for its author's enormous vogue—a vogue which certain reviewers would have us believe (although they know better) is merely the result of smart advertising!



TOM MOORE. *By Theodore Burt Sayre. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. \$1.50.*

IN this book Mr. Sayre has given in fiction form an account of the early struggles and hardships of the Irish poet, Tom Moore, leading up to his first transient success in London, and of his sub-

sequent fall from princely favor and restoration thereto by the grant of the laureateship. The story is to be judged not as a novel but as a tale. As such it is delightful. There is an ease and lightness in the telling, and a spontaneity of humor that go far to recompense us, at least temporarily, for the lack of the more serious qualities which we are justified in expecting in a book of more than three hundred pages. Save for the venial sin of split infinitives and an occasional failure to grasp the exact meaning of a word—as in the phrase, "The peccadilloes really beyond all extenuation or apology"—the style is good; furthermore, the characters are well drawn and lifelike. Add to this a story always interesting, if not highly dramatic, and it will be seen that the ingredients of a readable book are at hand. Further than this in commendation one cannot go unless it be to state that the picture of the times is historically correct, although possessing little of the vividness and variety which belong to really great historical novels.

Tom Moore was a sympathetic character, but his life hardly offers material sufficiently dramatic to justify a book in which he is constantly the centre of interest. It is for this reason that when one has escaped from the undoubted charm of Mr. Sayre's tale the "thinness" of the story is realized.

Plays cannot be written from books nor books from plays with impunity. To use a German expression, the source of the subsequent production is almost inevitably "felt through." Nor is the story under consideration an exception; certainly with the knowledge conveyed on the paper wrapper of the book that the romance was founded on the play of the same name, the reader rapidly becomes aware of the transferred restrictions which have governed its construction.

Nevertheless, despite the shortcomings here pointed out, the book is well worth reading, if only for the sake of the humorous makeshifts to which the needy poet is put in his early London days, and of the flippant brilliancy of Sheridan, "Beau" Brummell, and others of the court set who are introduced to us anew.

W. W. W.

THE POEMS OF ERNEST DOWSON. *Verses, The Pierrot of the Minute. Decorations in Verse and Prose.* Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Maine. \$2.50, net.

FRAGILIA LABILIA. *By John Addington Symonds.* Thomas B. Mosher. \$1.00, net.

POEMS AND BALLADS. *Second and Third Series.* By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Thomas B. Mosher. \$5.00, net.

POEMS. *By Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Frontispiece portrait.* Thomas B. Mosher. \$5.00, net.

THE four volumes here brought together bear strenuous witness to the happy faculty of selection and presentation which never seem to desert their editor and publisher, Mr. Thomas B. Mosher. Again Mr. Mosher is to be congratulated upon issuing thoroughly charming editions of volumes which will make intimate appeal to the hearts of all true book lovers.

"The Poems of Ernest Dowson" is to us one of the most fascinating of all Mr. Mosher's publications. Ernest Dowson is dead now, and there is nothing more to be heard of him than is contained in this book; or to be said of him than is so admirably said by Mr. Arthur Symonds in the personal study of his friend and his work included in the volume. In this respect the book is gratifyingly complete, in singular contrast to the curious, wayward life of Dowson himself, with its startling contrasts and lamentable failures. But in one thing at least—his poetry—Dowson did not fail. His poem "Cynara" will live for ever in anthologies, while the rest of his work will always have interest and fascination for those who care for poetry.

A delightful specimen of book-making is "Fragilia Labilia," by John Addington Symonds, a reprint of one of twenty-five copies privately printed for the author in 1884. Symonds's verse was too much the recreation of a prose-writer, and too conscious of its inspiration ever to be popular, but it has interest and charm far above the verse of the day. Here is a characteristic verse:

Come not to stir again
The old sad dream of pain,
To smile and weep:
Your melancholy eyes,
Your soft remembered sighs,
Oh, let them sleep.

In issuing a second volume of the poems of Swinburne, Mr. Mosher has deserved the gratitude of all lovers of poetry. Mr. Mosher should soon dispose of his limited edition of the two noble volumes containing the three series of "Poems and Ballads."

A complete reprint of the 1870 edition of Rossetti's "Poems" in a satisfactory and beautiful volume, uniform with the volumes of Swinburne, is equally welcome.

M. K.

THE DIARY OF A SAINT. *By Arlo Bates.* Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

THE Diary of a Saint "is much more than clever; it is full of a strangely sweet human quality, which, expressed in a style at once graceful and apt, awakes in us that delicate sympathetic response seldom evoked by any but the old masters.

The title might lead one to suspect a vixen, but here the saint is real, with nothing whatever vixenish in her make-up; a good woman indeed, who never fails of her goodness, and who, as she records with unwarped heart her little New England village existence, day by day, month by month, for a whole year, always leads us on entertainingly to noble things. And this is done skilfully. The story is not subservient to the wisdom, and both story and wisdom are vivified by humor and love. It is, truly, a distinguished mark of the writer's talent that we, after running through 300 pages of rather close introspection, should come out with so much genuine liking for the introspector. Her unselfishness prevents her from growing morbid, and her innate sense of propriety would never allow her to insult even the pages of a diary with ugly and unbecoming thoughts.

We reverence the classic writers; their names are brought, far too often, into

critical use wrongly and inconsiderately; we do not see Balzac in every pander of realism, nor Scott in those romance venders of the day who block the high-road of literature with their Eastern and Italian pushcarts. Yet when we find English so clear and natural as that of Mr. Bates; when the use of words has become but an echo to the use of thought, and when that thought is good; when a certain sense of finish has taken hold of a man and made him forever the willing worshipper of proportion and melody and beauty: then we declare, as we can rightly do in this case, that he is loyal to the best traditions of his craft, and may stand—not absurdly out of place—in the presence of Richardson and Mrs. Gaskell and Jane Austen.

There are, of course, imperfections. Save the heroine, Ruth Privet—most felicitously named—and her father, who is indeed not an actor in the story, but who lives only in his daughter's memory as a model of integrity, wisdom, sententious humor, and family affection; and Kathie, an odd child made hysterical by New England religious training, the characters are not drawn with exceptional reality or clearness. Aunt Naomi and Cousin Mehitabel, Deacon Daniel No. 1 and Deacon Daniel No. 2, confuse us at the beginning and compel us to turn back to see who they are and what their importance can be to the plot. A little early description might have been less perilous, and surely it would have given greater satisfaction than some of the abstract entries in this usually interesting journal. Then there is altogether too much conscience! Poor little Ruth Privet of the blameless life, whose mother was a saint before her, and who is by no means destitute of laughter and good sense—why should her conscience be a pin-cushion where lurk so many needles to make the gentle white finger bleed? It is because she is drawn so humanly that we ask the question at all. We do yearn sometimes for the broad school, the school of Fielding and Thackeray, whose doors are so irrevocably closed to American writers. Besides, the diary is now and then humdrum, even commonplace—as diaries will be—and we are aware of too much metaphysical hair-

splitting and colorless self-inquisition over religious subjects.

But the work as a whole is exceptionally good. The writer has taken a woman's rôle with rare intelligence, and carried it to a conclusive success; his dramatic insight is acute, his humor individual and unforced. The construction—if we may except the rather facile bid for unity of character and time which a journal must perforce make—is well concealed and skilful, and the English is the English of literature. "The Diary of a Saint" is a simple, tender story that we seek not to classify, but which we recognize as art.

J. S. D.

LETTERS OF HUGH, EARL PERCY, FROM
BOSTON AND NEW YORK, 1774-1776.
Edited by Charles Knowles Bolton.
Charles E. Goodspeed, Boston. \$4.00,
net.

BOTH Mr. Goodspeed, the publisher, and Mr. Bolton, the editor, are to be congratulated for this very prettily printed and interesting book. Earl Percy was in command of the British forces around Boston in 1774, and, although an opponent of the policy which precipitated the Revolution, he yet bore his part as a soldier and an Englishman. His first opinions of the temper of the American people were not at all in sympathy with it, but he learned later to appreciate the spirit which moved it to a final separation from the mother country. His letters as printed for the first time in this volume, are extremely readable, and bring the modern reader in close touch with some of the more important events of the last campaigns, before the Declaration of Independence. We agree with the editor in deploring the absence of letters descriptive of Percy's splendid assault on Fort Washington, and his operations in Rhode Island. But what we have must suffice, and the memory of the Rev. Edward Griffin Porter, who first discovered these letters in the library at Alnwick Castle, is fittingly preserved in as excellent a sample of printing as even the Merry-mount Press, of Boston, has produced.

T. S.

THE REBUILDING OF OLD COMMONWEALTHS. *Being essays toward the training of the forgotten man in the Southern States.* By Walter H. Page. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.00, net.

THE child, whether it has poor parents or rich parents, is the most valuable undeveloped resource of the State." This sentence, so eminently true, so clearly expressed, is the keynote of Mr. Page's "The Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths," a group of three papers on education in the South. They are fine examples of special pleading, and it is special pleading that does the work. If Mr. Page were more philosophical and less enthusiastic his influence might be smaller than it is, which would be a loss to the community, although he might be a little more acceptable to his own section of the country, which is rather inclined to look askance at him just because of the very enthusiasm that sometimes affects his judgment.

Education, education, and more education—theoretical, technical, and industrial—this is the author's panacea for all the ills North Carolina is heir to; education that is universal, all-inclusive, and democratic, and he urges the point with an enthusiasm and an eloquence that sometimes lead him into contradictions. For instance, in condemning North Carolina to her fate he charges all her backwardness to the old aristocratic system of education. Yet a little later he holds up for her emulation Virginia, where this same aristocratic system was yet more supreme. Again, in speaking of a typical old planter, the perfect representative of what the system could and did produce, he says, "God rest his soul! He opposed most ideas that I hold sound, but he loved all men and women that are lovely and strong, and he was a radiant gentleman." Hardly an utter failure that could result in such product.

In his enthusiasm for popular education as representing the crying need of the South to-day, Mr. Page seems to forget that the splendid type of manhood and womanhood found there during the last half of the nineteenth century was the direct product not alone of race but of race in union with this "aristocratic

system" of education. He would concede nothing in granting this; the system is dead, another must take its place, and that other the very system he advocates—education for all, in all; education of the mind and body and hand. But the final success of this education will be due quite as much to the dignity, honor, and adaptability of the types of humanity created out of a pure and vigorous blood by a system of education that has passed, as to the inherent virtues of the new system that is to take its place.

Mr. Page's English is strong and virile, his style clear-cut, simple, and distinguished; he writes with conviction, and therefore he convinces.

R. A. C.

TYPHOON. *By Joseph Conrad. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.00, net.*

A MORE interesting sea sketch than "Typhoon" we have never known. Of its kind it comes very close to perfection. The characters are clearly and originally drawn, the story unfolds naturally and harmoniously, the descriptions are graphic and brief—we have been entertained royally from beginning to end.

Regarded from the romantic point of view there is no story at all in "Typhoon"—merely the account of one hellish night in a trading steamer on the China Sea. But the whole thing is done in such masterly style, the events are so vivid, the people so vital, that we toss away all business, give up all our engagements till the turning of the last page; and the sacrifice has not been too great. Where, truly, outside the most celebrated fiction shall we find the strong imaginative sailor better conceived and better modelled than in Captain MacWhirr of the "Nan Shan"? Where, for grotesque yet awe-striking fantasy, shall we find surpassed Mr. Conrad's tale of the two hundred Chinamen in the "tween decks," whose chests have "carried away," and who go fighting, scrambling for life and dollars from one side of the deck to the other with every lurch of the storm-buffed steamer? We have all read of a hurricane from the point of view of the bridge, but here we

have it also from below decks, from the engine room and the stoke hole; and the account fairly bristles with exciting yet unsensational realities. The purchaser of "Typhoon" will have two hours of very genuine pleasure.

C. N.

VIEWS AND REVIEWS. *Essays in Appreciation: Art.* By W. E. Henley. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.00.

TO do Mr. Henley justice for this "bookling," as he calls it, we must be careful to remember the title—"Views and Reviews." That is to say, we are not to take it as a work of the critic, but are to accept it as the expression of the opinions of a thoughtful and educated appreciator. If this is the case, it may be asked, why should we be invited to read Mr. Henley's "views" rather than the opinions of any other person? The answer is obvious: Mr. Henley has earned the right to assume our attention because of the power with which he has already caught and held it. Moreover, to hold views and to publish them, as he says in the preface to this book, is human, and Mr. Henley, in this respect, is also one of us. He does not claim for his views that they embody the whole of the truth, but he believes that they are "mostly by way of being true," and if they fail even in that, they are at least fairly well purged of sentiment, and to be well purged of sentiment is, with Mr. Henley, to have improved on Hazlitt and Ruskin.

The most important essay in the volume is the initial one on the Romantic movement in France—a movement which reached its most potent expression with the men of 1830—"cette grande génération de mille-huit-cent-trente," as Gautier called it, "qui marquera dans l'avenir et dont on parlera comme d'une des époques climatériques de l'esprit humain." Mr. Henley very shrewdly suggests the prime cause of this movement to be the influence of Napoleon. Not that Napoleon wittingly and of set purpose determined to bring about such a movement, but that a man of his transcendent power and

genius had so set his mark on his own age, that the succeeding age, looking back over a waste of unfruitful years, seemed to spring into life in protest, as it were, against a possible charge of senility and impotence, and found its protestant expression in a literature and an art that were the antithesis of classicism. Like all protests, however, this one of romanticism had already begun to be heard in the dying moments of the reigning monarch—in the days when the classic convention had become ridiculous in artificiality. In Germany and in England the convention had been discarded, even before the French Revolution. The traditions of Shakespeare and Milton in England had not been lost, they had been transmitted and influenced Goethe in Germany; and these traditions flowered into Scott, Byron, Turner, Schiller, Beethoven, and the rest. But in France, "classicism lay on the arts like, not a bloom, but a blight," and when the time for quiet reflection came, the murmurings against the blight were encouraged by these liberators in England and Germany, and the Romantic movement was precipitated. To Scott and Byron this movement in France owes much. Scott taught its men how "to admire and understand the picturesque in character and life, to look for romance in reality, and turn old facts to new and brilliant uses." Byron, "with his lofty yet engaging cynicism, his passionate regard for passion, his abnormal capacity for defiance, and that overbearing and triumphant individuality which made him one of the greatest elemental forces in literature—Byron was the lovely and tremendous and transcending genius of revolt."

What did such influences and such personalities do for France? That question Mr. Henley answers by pointing to Hugo, Berlioz, and Delacroix; to Dumas, De Musset, and George Sand. But if the elements were imported, the style in which these elements found expression was native.

This is excellently discriminative, even to the verge of criticism, and removes Mr. Henley from the company of those gentlemen "from St. Beuve downwards," which includes the "writing and painting

creature which has failed, but which in its endeavor to succeed, had learned enough to be able to make the worst of any good thing done outside the confines of its crawl." Such is Mr. Henley's ascription to Balzac of what the latter considered a critic to be, and this kind of critic R. A. M. Stevenson, the subject of the last essay of this book, certainly was not. For though he may have failed in his painting, he had "the divine gift of appreciation." If this definition of a critic be the truth of his office, then assuredly is Mr. Henley also a critic, and this book a book of distinguished examples of his functional activity. Certainly, also, all that Mr. Henley says here of his friend "Bob" must stand. But what is meant by "appreciation"? Until the satisfying reply be given to this question, the term critic remains as it stood, and all judges of the critic's work must continue to abide by the historic canons. Mr. Henley would, we take it, omit from its meaning the personal sensibility, for on that no judgments could be assured of validity: the appreciations would depend for their value and quality on the mental and emotional equipment of the appreciator; they might or they might not "abide." Then appreciation must be founded on *principles* which shall act as the solvent of what is bad and the reagent of what is good. What, *then*, would be the critic, if he were not also the creator—the artist? It is a question big with potentialities, and we leave it for Mr. Henley's consideration. But whether Mr. Henley, in his definition, has hit the gold or no, his own work is certainly the work of the artist; and until he deliver himself of his dogma we shall believe him to be better than his creed.

T. S.

IN THE COUNTRY GOD FORGOT. By Frances Charles. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

AMONG the books of 1902, "In the Country God Forgot" must hold a post of high honor. It is picturesque, strong, vivid, and it attracts by the strenuousness of its style. In this respect it is one of the oddest of all co-

herent works. So far as mere construction is concerned, it is either one of the most utterly confused and hasty, or it is one of the most strikingly artistic, novels we have seen in years. The author begins with the tale, then goes back for explanation, then advances, then retreats, and so forth over and over again. Such a method is hideous to a large class of readers who "wish a story told just as it happened," but in point of effectiveness and dramatic possibilities it adds much to the work and, in view of other literary tricks of the author, was undoubtedly a part of the deliberate scheme of the book. Indeed, this method, in its unconventionality, which savors of nothing so much as placing a rich feast before one's guests, only to be constantly adding to the table parts of the menu belonging earlier in the courses, is most attractive by reason of its very cheerfully Bohemian quality.

The country which God forgot is Arizona, and the principal characters in the story are a rich, brutal land owner, his son and family, another family from New York who own mines there, and the fascinating "hoi polloi" of that section. These characters are drawn with the free, bold hand of a master. There is no doubt that, whoever Frances Charles is, she has caught the courageous, unfettered spirit of the Southwest, instead of being cowed by its remoteness and isolation, and has painted her men and women from actual types now living. Her city-bred people she knows not quite so well, although the lapses in their descriptions are few. Her swift changes in style and her putting into the mouths of the illiterate characters of the book some of the reminiscent and highly dramatic parts of the story—are tricks immensely effective, and always tempting to the novelist who wishes to hide his own conventional self and let one of his free characters tell the story in ungrammatical, slangy, and even somewhat outrageous style, but who seldom carries through such a wish for fear of inconsistency.

The work is a powerful one, the plot ample and intricate enough for its great, moving actors. Its denouement and closing remind one of the breaking

of a great thunder storm and the muttering echoes as it passes away. But, with all its sweetness, strength, and humor, the story presses upon the reader and leaves with him an impress of sadness and even horror. One cannot resist feeling that the book is well-named—its scenes are laid “in the country God forgot.”

F. B. T.

PINE TREE BALLADS: *Rhymed Stories of Unplanned Human Natur' up in Maine.* By Holman F. Day. Illustrated from photographs. Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.00.

IN this book Mr. Day has again shown himself a master in the difficult art of writing dialect verse that is readable. Ordinarily in taking up a book of such verse one hesitates to read it aloud without first reading it to one's self to get the pronunciation and the metre into one's mind. But with Mr. Day the case is quite different—his spelling is clear and invariably conveys the proper pronunciation, and he has a wonderful faculty for metre and rhythm—his verse fairly reads itself; you cannot stumble over it. Whether or not one cares for dialect verse is purely a matter of personal taste, but one must acknowledge that of its kind Mr. Day's verse is the best. The stories that he tells are also admirable of their kind, the humor being the real country sort; broad, of course, but not vulgar. As an example of how easily his verse reads the following lines are worth quoting:

A-yoopin' for air he laid on deck, an' the skipper he says, says he:
You're the wust, dog-gondest, mis'able hog that swims the whole durn sea.
'Mongst gents as is gents it's a standin' rule to leave each gent his own—
If ye note as ye pass he's havin' a cinch, stand off an' leave him alone.
But you've slobbered along where you don't belong, an' you've gone an' spiled the thing,
An' now, by the pink-tailed Wah-hoo-fish, you'll take your dose, by Jing!"

J. W. H.

THE KINDRED OF THE WILD. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. \$2.00.

IN spite of all that has happened to the novel, the short story, and even to poetry and art, the animal story still belongs to the idealist. The realist may have a scientific knowledge of the animal, supplemented by innumerable photographs; he may even be wiser than Job, and know “the time when the wild goats of the rocks bring forth,” or that equally difficult point about “who hath sent out the wild ass free or who hath loosed the bands of the wild ass?” but when he undertakes to write an animal story and make his characters speak, he is forced to draw on himself for the emotions and thoughts that he ascribes to them.

In his collection of stories, “The Kindred of the Wild,” Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts has done something that cannot fail to appeal to all who love nature and are not afraid of the vast solitudes. At the same time he has not gone over to the animals so completely as most of his rivals in this department of fiction. In the majority of his stories there are human characters who fix themselves on the memory with great distinctness. Moreover, none of his tales gives the impression of being a sugar-coated pill, designed to convey much salutary information in a pleasing form. His wood-craft is excellent, but it is not that of the plodding naturalist. His knowledge is that of the observant poet, and seldom exceeds what is already well-known to the reader who has lived much in the open air. His word-craft, however, is of the highest order. Every story has a freshness and charm of phrase, and his word-pictures are admirably vivid. Indeed, in “The Lord of the Air,” he performs a feat that is unique in literature. He introduces the reader to the favorite haunt of the great eagle and leads him to a keen interest in his pursuits. It is only after the story has been read and we recall its pictures that we realize that they were all seen with the eye of the eagle. Our point of view is from “the crag of the rock and the strong place,” and our vis-

ion is that of the Lord of the Air when he "seeketh the prey" and his "eyes behold afar off."

There is not a story in the collection that is unworthy of particular attention. All have a true ring, and though there is here and there a repetition of phrase, the pleasure they give to the reader leaves him indisposed to criticise trifles.

Mr. Roberts's book is a notable contribution to that department of literature to which it belongs, and has no need of his illuminating and defensive preface. His stories are their own justification. They were originally published in leading magazines, and from the first attracted the attention of all who value good storytelling and artistic workmanship. "The Kindred of the Wild" is a book we take pleasure in recommending to all readers.

P. M.

JANET WARD: *A Daughter of the Manse*. By Margaret E. Sangster. Frontispiece. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. \$1.50.

AFTER years of success in the writing of essays and poetry, after reaching that goal of ambition, the "Ladies' Home Journal," Mrs. Sangster has been pining for more words to conquer. Her name has been so constantly before the public that it is somewhat of a shock to be confronted at this late day with a "first novel" from her pen. The subtitle, "a college girl's story," shows that it is not a very daring fictional flight; that it is, in fact, only Mrs. Sangster's good advice and practical religious views expressed in some other than their usual form. "Janet Ward" is a story with considerable interest and not a little delicate literary skill, but there is no character-drawing worthy the name. The heroine is taken through college and a literary career and her classmates are disposed of in various ways, all designed to show the influence of college training on girls of differing types. College life takes up a comparatively small part of the story; it is in the middle of the tale, with a short prologue and an extremely lengthy epilogue which is the best part of the book.

Although Mrs. Sangster takes her girls from widely separated social spheres and proclaims them different, there is not much light and shade in their drawing. They all talk alike, and, except for their differing talents, they all act alike. The men are large-hearted, scholarly, religious, pleasant to meet and quite unoriginal. It is only in Janet's mother, a woman with a bravely fought tendency to melancholia, that Mrs. Sangster does any artistic character drawing. This applies only to the folk concerned in the main plot of the book; the opposite is true when Mrs. Sangster treats of newspaper life in New York, or of mountain life in Tennessee; then she draws half a dozen clever little sketches of persistent shabby-genteel contributors and bored office-boys, or of bucolic lovers and mountain ne'er-dowells. Every here and there throughout the book are scattered such dainty bits of work that they go far to prove Mrs. Sangster might readily adorn a tale, were she less anxious to point a moral.

The conversation is the book's weak point and shows the 'prentice hand which, after years of arduous literary work, she brings to fiction. It is almost invariably stilted and not infrequently impossible. When the talk turns on things religious (and it is always doing this), one is sometimes alarmed by a remark like this from a clergyman's wife to her discouraged husband: "'I have heard you say, sir,' she answered archly, 'that nothing is humiliating which God appoints, and that failure can come to no man who is living within the will of God.'" Could any mortal say this "archly"? There are many glaring instances of this sort of thing, and they keep one perpetually irritated with what might otherwise be an unusually enjoyable book of its class, and one's belief in the truth of the story droops and fades under the weight of its grandiloquence. To analyze too minutely a tale so slight and sweet is unnecessary critical fidelity, for Janet Ward is an eminently sane and wholesome young person, an agreeable companion for any girl, college-bred or not.

M. D. M.

THE ROMANCE OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.
By Dmitri Mérejkowski. Authorized
translation from the Russian. Edited
by Herbert Trench. G. P. Putnam's
Sons. \$1.50.

IN "The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci" Mérejkowski has most assuredly attempted to write history, although it is history "in a very flexible manner." He has no tale to tell at all; and the title, which has been derived from the French translation, is a misnomer. Leonardo is the personality around which the chief sketches and incidents of the book are grouped, but it is a spiritual tragedy which the author unfolds rather than a romance. So far from being a hero of intellectual achievement, Leonardo is depicted rather as the victim of a fatal intellectual infirmity. He is the embodiment of irresistible scientific and mechanical curiosity at a period when science and mechanics had not advanced beyond the most rudimentary and experimental stage; and this curiosity, not being disciplined by proper methods or accomplished results, and being betrayed by the variety of its objects and the very energy of its imagination, leads its possessor astray and condemns his efforts to sterility. His science, which, although akin to the poetic cosmology of the Greek naturalist, yet still seeks mathematical exactitude and inductive verification, leaves his contemporaries unconvinced and suspicious. His mechanical schemes are too vast and too flighty to be realized by the men and resources of his period, and bring only disaster upon those who believe in them. His most ambitious mural paintings were doomed to disappear and fade away because he must needs try doubtful and experimental technical methods. His great equestrian statue is destroyed before his own eyes because his single-minded intellectual passion has not left him the will to save it. In short, he becomes an incarnation of the contemplative life, pure and simple, and so his capacity for efficient action is destroyed. His fearless and indefatigable curiosity becomes a sort of fearful and pathetic incompetence when decisive action is needed. He does not even

dare to seize the woman he loves lest such an act of violence should color too strongly the white light of his intellectual passion; and his portrait of Mona Lisa, unfinished like the rest of his work, remains the symbol of that final mystery curiously akin to the knowledge it defies, which his mind could not fathom and his will did not dare to touch.

The book, however, contains a good deal more than this interpretation of the tragedy of an intellectual passion. Mérejkowski also seeks to portray many of the typical incidents and personalities of the Italy of Leonardo. He shows us, among other things, the intrigues and diversions of the court of Ludovico II Moro, the ferment of blood, treachery, and poison which was started by the exploits of Cæsar Borgia, the way that Machiavelli talked and lived during his diplomatic errands for the Florentine republic, and the manner in which the star of Leonardo was dimmed for his contemporaries by the brighter radiance of Raphael and Michel Angelo. More than this, he attempts to suggest movement of ideas as well as incidents and personalities. The Russian title of the book is "The Resurrection of the Gods," for in the opinion of M. Mérejkowski a Dionysiac paganism was revived during the Renaissance, and the gods, who had been asleep since the early domination of Christianity, again obtained their rights. Back of all this there is a very questionable philosophy and a vague symbolism, which, had they been intruded, might have spoiled the book, but which, as it is, remain so much in the background that they may be ignored by those who do not like them.

H. D. C.

CHARACTER BUILDING. By Booker T.
Washington. Doubleday, Page & Co.,
New York. \$1.50, net.

THE only regret that one feels in reading this book is that the price is a dollar and a half. We do not mean by this that the book is not worth a dollar and a half—judging by the ordinary dollar-and-a-half book this one is worth ten dollars—but the trouble is that

it is worth four times its price to the very people that cannot afford to pay more than a quarter of it. In other words, this book is of value principally to the class of people for whom it was written (we should not say written, but spoken): the young and the uncultivated—that is, those who cannot buy expensive books. For them it is admirable, unprecedentedly so. All the other books of a similar kind which we remember to have read, or heard of, beat about the bush and talk of things which the people for whom they are written have never heard of and have no understanding of. This book of Mr. Washington's is straightforward, direct, simple, to the point, and absolutely "adapted to function"—which Professor Norton says is one of the chief canons of beauty.

"Character Building" is made up of the talks which Mr. Washington gives to the pupils at Tuskegee in the chapel services. To one who has had the good fortune, as the present writer has, to have heard some of these talks delivered, the reading of them calls up, in a most vivid fashion, the simple directness of Mr. Washington. The subjects of these little lectures are the ordinary matters which occur in the lives of the simple folk for whom they were written—in the lives of all of us, for that matter; but the illustrations are very properly drawn from the lives of the humble. One can imagine nothing better of their kind than the talks on "Two Sides of Life," "Some of the Rocks Ahead," "What Will Pay?" "The Gospel of Service," and "Individual Responsibility." From these, and most of the others, even the most sophisticated may well draw lessons (though they are frankly not written for the sophisticated), and benefit by reading them. But to go back to what I said in the beginning, it does seem unfortunate that this book should not have been published in a cheaper edition, for it is a book that every teacher should be able to buy without feeling the burden of the purchase; that every college settlement should have handy; that every town library should have on its shelves. Another thing that seems unfortunate in regard to this book is its title—most young people avoid a

book with so didactic a title if they see it on the shelves, or, if any one recommends it, they are apt to think, if not say, "Oh, we don't want any more of those 'Self Help' books." These two literally extraneous faults do not, however, take away from the great value of the book—a book that this writer finds admirable in every way. Indeed, he finds it so excellent that he can think of no better thing for some waiting philanthropist to do than to buy a big edition of the book, induce the publishers to give it a more attractive title, and scatter it broadcast through the land.

J. W. H.

THE VIRGINIAN. By Owen Wister. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

ONE phase of social and economic life succeeds another so rapidly in this country that many interesting and picturesque moments in our social transformation pass into history before they have received anything like their full literary value. The cowboy, for instance, as he was before the days of wire fences, has already become material for the historical novelist. He has become partly a memory and partly a tradition, and as such will doubtless soon attract the attention of many young novelists who persist in writing about people and events of which they have had, and can have, no immediate experience. Fortunately, however, Mr. Owen Wister has already raised a good crop in this field. He shares with President Roosevelt the distinction of being a literate man, who actually lived in the Far West during the days of cowboy domination, and he has made various attempts to reproduce the comedy and the romance, the peculiar flavor and thrill of cowboy life. "The Virginian" is the latest and most elaborate of these attempts. After having worked up his material, first into a number of short stories, and then into that very racy collection of episodes in the life of Lin McLean, he now seeks in "The Virginian" to give us a type of the cowboy at his best, and to pass his hero through a love-story that brings out both

the finest qualities in the man, and the lively contrast between Eastern and Western ideas and conditions.

One would like to believe that such a fine fellow as "The Virginian" is only a legitimate idealization of the real cow-puncher. If he is a type as well as an individual, no country could boast of a better. He is represented as being a tall, lithe, hardy man, thoroughly square and loyal, extremely reticent, of great natural dignity, his strong passions held completely under control, and his tenacious purposes achieved by means of great fertility of resource. But through all and above all he is a humorist, with a humor which is capable not only of good retorts and reckless escapades, but one that relieves and enlightens all the fundamental actions and relations of his life. There are no parts of the book so fresh, so delightful, and apparently so veracious as those episodes in which the comic element predominates—the first meeting between the author and "The Virginian," the beginning of their friendship through a common interest in an anomalous hen, the shifting of the babies, which is an old Western story, but a good one, and the episode of the parson. I wish that I could say as much of Mr. Wister's carefully worked up tale of how "The Virginian" kept his authority over a bunch of rebellious cowboys by means of a long-winded frog-story, but however veracious the idea at the bottom of this incident may be, the incident itself, as told by Mr. Wister, is by no means convincing. Yet in spite of this failure, which is the first serious disappointment one meets in reading the book, Mr. Wister is for the most part peculiarly successful in showing, how in the life of such a man, the ready, playful, and sympathetic mind which the genuine humorist possesses may be of as much practical as it is social benefit.

Some of the more serious episodes in the life of "The Virginian" are told with equal skill and veracity. The ghastly story of the lynching in the hills, and the ride of the author and his hero through the mountains on the trail of the escaped cattle-thief and murderer, as well as the culminating incident of the shooting

affray on the eve of the wedding of "The Virginian," are admirably selected and managed for the author's purpose in bringing out the contrast between Eastern and Western ideas and conditions. The contrast is intense, fed by the fact that the girl whom "The Virginian" loves is a school teacher from the East, to whom lynching and shooting affrays are repugnant, and who very nearly gives him up for his participation, against his own will though it be, in such desperate adventures. He conquers the girl, but I am afraid that he pays for his conquest by the partial loss of his own individuality. The love-story, as apart from the incidents above mentioned, is the least successful part of the book, which remains at its best a chronicle of a Western life rather than a novel. The personality of the girl remains pale and ineffective beside that of "The Virginian." Yet just because she is an educated girl, brought up in refined surroundings, "The Virginian" is deprived of his local and personal virility so that he may become her husband. Mr. Wister would have done better to have ended his book with the duel and the wedding. Their subsequent romantic adventures in the woods, and the pictures suggested of his future as a successful business man, tend to make sentimental and commonplace a figure which, up to a certain point, is peculiarly well proportioned, distinctive, and wholesome.

H. D. C.

THE FORTUNES OF OLIVER HORN. *By F. Hopkinson Smith. Illustrated by Walter Appleton Clark. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.*

LAST evening we passed the house in Tenth Street which the gentlemen of "The Stone Mugs" once made their headquarters. In the neighborhood it is known as the old Tile Club. On the opposite side of the street and a little further down towards Sixth Avenue is the old Tenth Street Studio Building, where one or two of the older men still have the same old studios that they occupied when the "Stone Mugs" gave their famous parties there. If one were to go in and

ask them whether they remembered Oliver Horn and Margaret Grant they would probably shake their heads until you gave them the further particulars—explained how Horn was the young Virginian who came up to New York to earn his living and became one of the night students at the Academy, and you should not be over confident that the name was Horn.

There is a certain charm about a book whose romance is the romance of personal reminiscence, which the books of romance pure and simple never quite counterfeit. The characters that walk through these books are taken for granted. A captious reader does not quibble over a word or an action, with the comment that such a word would not have been spoken, such a thing would not have been done. The glamour of the golden age is over them, and we of the later day, who have nothing to remember, fall captive to the spell of "far-off things and battles long ago."

But, vivid as are the impressions of the nights in the garret on Union Square, and the rollicking horseplay of the men whose life was one hard struggle for the art they loved and were lifting to the dignity of a profession among the philistines, Kennedy Square is more vivid still. That Kennedy Square before the war, with the Horns, the Claytons, and Miss Lavinia and Nathan Gill—these are the people whose personalities come before you, delicately outlined like the old-fashioned silhouette, and the air you breathe holds the fragrance of old-fashioned roses, mingled with a whiff of Malachi's famous apple toddy, or Richard Horn's matchless old Madeira. You hear the laughter of the young people sitting on the doorsteps in the summer evenings, and catch the gleam of white dresses, and you feel the haunting sweetness of Nathan's flute.

"Some civilizations," Mr. Smith says, "die slowly. This one was shattered in a day by a paving stone in the hands of a thug."

The war is but lightly touched on, yet one retains a memorable consciousness of it through all the difficulties of the Horn family. Richard Horn, inventor, scholar, musician, seeing far beyond the limited horizon of his neighbors and his own day, is a character whom no writer but one

who was also a painter could have drawn so perfectly. Using words as he might use pastels, the author has caught the spirit of a fine mind, and preserved it in just such a perishable medium. For with all its charms, all its intimacy, all its sweet wholesomeness, it is not a great book. Its central figure is Oliver, who is a very young man; and while it is true that he finds himself in his art and in his simple love story, he offers no such opportunities for the character study that is Mr. Smith's special gift, as do the older men who are only the side characters. Oliver at the end of the story is still a good deal the same Oliver who took an entire day to carry a message of importance from his mother to Colonel Clayton, across the square. But you have the colonel before you in a word as he describes his setting foot on Northern soil for the first and last time, when he chased a wounded canvas-back across the Susquehanna River. "And I want to tell you, sir, that what you call 'your soil' was damned disagreeable muck. I had to change my boots when I got back to my home, and I've never worn them since."

M. T.

A SPECKLED BIRD. By Augusta Evans Wilson. G. W. Dillingham Company, New York. \$1.50.

TO err is human, to forgive divine.

Were this Mrs. Wilson's first book, it would, indeed, be difficult to exercise the divine quality; but in recollection of the seven volumes which have preceded it from her pen, justice gives place to charity, blame to indulgent suspension of criticism. Who that has read in early youth those marvellous stories, "Beulah," "St. Elmo," and "Infelice" can ever forget the debt of gratitude under which his credulous heart was laid? What endless vistas of romance and adventure and high emprise opened up before our eager eyes with the opening of those pages, to what noble sentiments from cavaliers and ladies were we privileged to listen, to what elevated declarations of human rights, what burning denunciations of wrongdoers and oppressors! All this,

and much more, was there—a magic world of romance and unreality. How many have shared with me, I wonder, the ardent, but hitherto unconfessed, hope of being able, one day, to write in the grandiloquent manner of the creator of the pessimistic "St. Elmo." The secret at that time I fondly thought to lie in tireless searching of the dictionary for the meaning of strange and recondite words.

Coming, with a heart filled with such memories, to the perusal of Mrs. Wilson's latest novel, published after a silence of sixteen years, it is sad to find the ancient magic lacking. "A Speckled Bird" is but a commonplace, stilted story of love and pride and transparent complications. Alas, that genius should fall from its pinnacle!—for that genius was lacking in those early favorites I firmly refuse to believe. True, here is here the same stern, unbending Southern pride of blood and race, the same incorruptible manly virtue, the same chivalry, the same adjectives—but the charm has fled.

"With dry eyes she looked long at one portrait, then at the other: the husband of her youth, and the only child that had come as a crowning blessing to a happy married life where no dissensions muttered, no discordant clash jarred the perfect harmony. As the dead years babbled, she listened now to echoes of manly tones, and now to a baby's prattling lisp, still dividing as of yore her heart's homage."

Alas, that this no longer moves me—"as of yore." May such not be the case with all the gifted authoress's readers, who, she says, have desired and asked her to write again, and to whom this latest flower of her genius is dedicated.

W. W. W.

THE RIGHT PRINCESS. By Clara Louise Burnham. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

IN "The Right Princess" Clara Louise Burnham has undertaken a difficult task—to write a novel the plot of which is the conversion of a whole family to Christian Science through the mediumship of the heroine, a young disciple of Mrs. Eddy.

Mrs. Burnham can hardly be blamed for producing neither a good story nor a good tract—the book is certainly neither. It is not a good story because neither plot nor characters have interest, save the curious and extraneous one of Christian Science. It is not a good tract because it is impossible that it should appeal to any save those who already believe in "science." The great fault of the whole book is the lack of any sense of humor. This charge has been laid time and again to everything connected with Christian Science, and here is a good example of the truth of the charge. One cannot help wondering if Mrs. Burnham intends to show Christian Science in a pleasing light (and she must intend that, or else the book could never have been written), why she makes her first demonstration in the case of a sick dog who has taken poisoned meat and is cured by "a treatment." This immediately sets the whole book into the order of a farce; for no one can seriously sympathize with a heroine who asks to be alone for a "treatment" on a pet pug dog in the library while the family stands around outside and weeps. Presently the heroine appears with the dog in her arms, and the following conversation takes place:

"It was a very bad dream he had—a very bad dream," said the girl, half laughing gently into the pug's flat face, as she yielded him into the arms of his mistress.

"Dear child, what does it mean?" asked Miss Hereford at last, brokenly.

"It means that God healed him."

"My dear—my dear!" The English lady's shocked suspicion of irreverence mingled amusingly with her joy.

"Why not?" asked the girl kindly. "Have you an idea that any one but God made your little dog?"

"Certainly not, of course." Miss Hereford dropped an agitated kiss on the wrinkled velvety forehead. "But it seems almost too much to ask of the Almighty, my dear—the Almighty, doesn't it? Only a little dog."

"It doesn't seem so to me. 'Not a sparrow falleth'—don't you remember?"

"Yes, yes! Oh, Timmy!"

"Miss Hereford," she said, "do not

be turned from gratitude to our Father for this proof that no life is too trifling to be preserved by His tender love."

This incident is not one selected because it is amusing; it's the genuine starting point of the book, the thing which gives the characters their interest in Christian Science. It is certainly dangerous ground, this, for any one but a genius to treat if she wishes to be taken seriously.

The rest of the book consists of the treatment and cure of an idiot youth by the young "Scientist," and the consequent conversion of the whole family. The family goes back to England—and, at family prayers, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" is read to the servants, instead of "The Book of Common Prayer!"

There is, of course, the love interest as well as the "love" interest, and there is the marrying and giving in marriage at the end of the book.

One can only feel sorry that this, the first novel dealing with Christian Science, should expose the "science" and its teachers to the ridicule of a world that is waiting to be converted to something. A sane novel dealing with Christian Science might be a valuable help to the spread of a doctrine which, whether one believes in its minutiae or not, is certainly helpful and beautiful in its larger outlines.

J. W. H.

LUCK O' LASSENDALE. *By the Earl of Iddesleigh. John Lane, New York.* \$1.50.

IF for no other reason than that it is clean and sweet, and represents an English family of pedigree attending to its own affairs, "Luck o' Lassendale," by the Earl of Iddesleigh, is unique among modern English novels. It is a little bit of a book, but quite big enough to acquaint us thoroughly with the Lassendales, root and branch, and to convince us that they are the most delightfully dull people we have ever met. It is a triumph to have woven into so threadbare a motive as that of an eldest son coming into the estates and dissipating them in wild

speculation, an ingenious realism that deceives the reader into seeing the people as real people.

There is a saying in the Lassendale family that if there should ever come a weak or a frail son it will be the end of their proud and haughty house. And, true to the letter, comes Alfred, who, as he is only the second son, gives no one any concern for the family legend, since no self-respecting legend would pay any attention to a second son, and his elder brother, Sir Francis, is as fine and fit as a young English country gentleman need be. Nevertheless it is Alfred who puts all the sticks in the wheels, and it is Alfred whom the reader grows to look for at the bottom of every catastrophe, and Alfred is always there. Alfred, consulting the solicitor in the city about his fifty shares in the mining company with the unpronounceable name, is as irresistible in his way as David Harum and the Sunday horse trade. It's a far call from Lassendale to David, and yet the faults of both books are the same; the trite, ingenuously written story, with one real character lifting the whole mass out of the hopelessly commonplace. The love story in "Lassendale" bears much more on the story than that of the young people in "David Harum." In fact, Mary Lassendale's lover is almost embarrassingly ready to assume all the responsibilities of that ill-starred family. But it is Alfred who is the delight of the heart and the despair of every situation. Who let Sir Francis in for his Quixotic offer to buy in all the stock from the dissatisfied members of the mining company with the unpronounceable name? Why, Alfred. Who was it that kept Sir Francis from accepting Mary's lover's offer to take a part of the bulk of the shares off his hands and save him from ruin? Of course, Alfred. Who was it that kept Mary from accepting her lover just when she was finally convinced that Giles would certainly never propose again if she didn't? Who but Alfred? Who caught Sir Francis back, when he was rushing across the street to save a child's life, and made him lose his balance at the critical moment? It was Alfred. Not a patent jack-in-the-box invented to fit the emer-

gency, this Alfred, but a highly organized being of super-sensibilities, a delicate *malade imaginaire* with the tastes of an epicure; a frail uncourageous person with the one fixed principle in life that a man's first, second, and final duty is to himself; an absolute egoist with petty precautions in the place of brains. To have delineated such a personage as that, and to have made him irresistibly delightful, so that the reader would give a lot to see him represented on the stage, personated by some one who would bring out all his fine points, is an achievement to be proud of, and to make people read the book for the sake of his entrances, and look for another book by the same author.

M. T.

THE BLAZED TRAIL. By Stewart Edward White. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50.

IT will be enlightening to compare Mr. White's present work with "*Les Travailleurs de la Mer*" of Victor Hugo. And by this we do not mean to imply that there has been any copy or attempt at copy on the part of the American writer; he is altogether too sincere and full of experience for that. Nor do we believe that "*The Blazed Trail*" is so important a book as "*Les Travailleurs de la Mer*." Our intention is analytical; neither for direct praise nor direct blame. Yet we feel that this comparison would not be undertaken should it too much belittle Mr. White, and he may indeed accept it as a distinct and decisive offering to his talent.

The points of similarity are many. In each design we have the energetic, enduring Man, the silent, sagacious human creature, composite and representative of a laborious and rugged class; who, when his jaws are set with purpose, makes that purpose his religion, gives all his mental and bodily powers for its accomplishment, and dies doing it, if need be—yet unwillingly, because death ties his hands. In Gilliott or in Thorpe we have the deification of will and persistency and strength. Success in a certain kind of severe personal labor is the star of each—not for the bodily ease or earthly benefit that

success may bring, but because without it God is not in sight. To attain each his end—hunger, wounds, rags are as nothing; every thought, every heart-beat is fuel on that blaze. The Man is a martyr, a hero of old. There always comes the hour when in the face of imminent failure, when all the purpose and struggle seem as for naught, when his hopes and his works lie about him in shreds and tatters, the light of heaven falls suddenly upon him, and the Man weeps and learns.

To attain this magnificent effect—one of the supremest effects possible in literature—it is essential that the earth's naked forces be brought freely into play. Victor Hugo flings his fighter among rocks and bids him contest with the sea; Stewart Edward White, tossing his man an axe, commands him cut his way through the primeval forest. Sea or forest—where is the difference? Each is symbolic of war, of Titanic difficulty, seemingly unconquerable resistance. Each author attempts what his hero attempts; each author fails somewhat in his purpose, but succeeds in sufficient degree to make the labor worth while. Each is too wordy, didactic, prone to smother us with his epic idea, his creed of work; yet both are grand amid their individual faults.

The scene of "*The Blazed Trail*" is laid in the lumber camps of Upper Michigan, "way up there where the moon changes," where the winter strikes with an iron hand; and we are made to feel the living influence of the white pine groves—"vast, solemn, grand, with the patrician aloofness of the truly great;" of the animals "venturing out across the plains in search of food"; of the "big white hares; deer—porcupines in quest of anything they could get their keen teeth into." We see the raccoon tracks, we hear the ravens croaking and the wolves howling, and we meet the American pioneer, the lordliest and most elemental of all human beings; who, in his various rôles of prospector, scaler, teamster, riverman, swamper, canthook man, is equally picturesque and practical. "*The Blazed Trail*" is a book either for the poet or the man of business; a good, sterling story—and very much more.

J. S. D.

